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ELINOR PRESTON;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(Continued from our last.)

Although our scanty funds were fearfully diminished by our late expenses, yet our preparations went on vigorously, and in the course of a few days all was completed to our satisfaction. We thought ourselves in a fair way of getting off, when Mrs. Arthur Dillon took it into her head to make an addition to the family in the person of a chubby little girl whose arrival created such a sensation, and was altogether so important an event that, of course, our departure was postponed for another week or two. O'Shaughnessy and I stood for the little damsel, who received the names of Margaret-Elinor: "I wanted to have given you the name, my dear!" said Maria, "and have had *la petite* plain Elinor, but I found from certain hints thrown out that it would have been as much as the maternal favor was worth—I might have taken myself and baby off to Canadian wilds with you—so you must e'en be content with the half-compliment I was able to pay you." Of course, I expressed my entire satisfaction.

We had a great christening of it as soon as Maria was declared out of danger. A regular Irish christening it was, consisting of all the friends and relations of the united families of Dillon and Delany. Mirth and joy abounded, and many a costly gift was made the unconscious little one—armlets and necklaces came showering in, together with richly-embroidered caps, robes, and all the other *et ceteras* which go to make up a baby wardrobe. "Humph!" said Mrs. Dillon, senior, as she successively put by the rich presents: "Humph! there's the old story over again! 'he that has a goose will get a goose:'—if baby hadn't a rag of its own to cover it, it might be naked long enough, I'm thinking, for all the presents it 'id get."

There was unfortunately too much truth in the good woman's caustic observation, but, of course, it was not meant for the ears of the disinterested donors.

A day or two after the christening, when Maria was able to appear in the drawing-room, Mr. O'Shaughnessy came one evening and gathered us all together "on business." George had come with him, for as yet he had been sharing the old man's bachelor accommodations in the dingy little house in Dominick street.

When we had all taken our places, the worthy lawyer looked with a complacent air from out his gold-mounted spectacles. For a moment his keen glance rested on me, then it passed on to George's face and there rested.

"Master George," said he, "hem!—I trust you're prepared to admit that you'll never do any good at the law."

"Quite so, my dear sir." We all looked at the speakers and then at each other in blank amazement, George smiled, but the old man kept quite grave and serious.

"Not the ghost of a chance at the bar, eh?—well you're going to America to push your fortune—what do you mean to do there—tell me that now!"

"Do! why, I'll do the best I can certainly—I'll turn scrivener, clerk, shopman, merchant—who knows"—the poor fellow looked round and tried to smile, but this time the attempt was unsuccessful.

"To be sure you will," gruffly said O'Shaughnessy, "I know you'll feel mighty comfortable measuring tape and ribbons to the belles of Quebec or Montreal, praising up other people's wares, and wearing your life away—your young buoyant life—behind a counter. Why, man, the ghost of your Aunt Kate would be walking in to you some day in its grave-clothes—she'd be 'revisiting the glimpses of the moon,' depend upon it, to avenge the outraged dignity of the family. And, another thing, Master George! you would'nt stay at such a business one month—*I know you*, my fine fellow!"

George laughed—he was amused, but evidently not displeased. "But what am I to do, sir?—you say, and I confess it, that I am only loosing time at the law—what am I to do?"

"Go into the army!" grunted Shaugh, and then he drew them lips together in a way peculiar to himself.

My brother started, and his face was crimson in a moment, "That's easier said than done, Mr. O'Shaughnessy—besides——"

"Besides nonsense!—none of your humbugging now—you know you always had a hankering after the army."

"Well! I own I had, sir, but that was in days when the purchase of a commission was within the range of probability—now, it were idle to think of any such thing."

"Not a bit of it, George, not a bit of it," and the old man's eyes twinkled, and he rubbed his fat hands together in a little ecstacy of mysterious enjoyment. "I see you're all on the tenter-hooks, as the saying is, so, George, the short and the long of it is that I've got a commission for you. You know Lord D—— is an old friend of mine, and through his interest at the Horse Guards I got the commission—ay! without paying one penny." The old man said nothing about a certain long-standing debt which would almost have paid for the commission, and which he cancelled in favor of his noble friend and former client. George said nothing, but he seized O'Shaughnessy's hand and shook it warmly, the tears standing in his eyes. But the next moment his eye met mine, and his countenance fell.

"Never mind, Elinor," said this true friend, "I didn't forget *her*—I managed it so that you're to exchange with a young fellow whose regiment is now in Canada. I know Nell is tired of us all, and I want to let her see her hobby out. She'll be glad to come back to us yet, bad as we are. But to Catholic Canada she wants to go, and there she shall go, if we fitted out a boat for her own self."

"But, dear sir! how—how shall we thank you—how repay you!" I faltered out—

"As to thanks, keep *them* to yourself, children!—as to the payment, you have only to think now and then of rough old Shaugh, when you're far away amongst strangers—and to let him know if you ever want a friend!—good evening to you all—George! are you coming home—ha! ha! it will soon be a lonely home—I think I must look out for a wife—eh, Mrs. Dillon!—you'll help me, eh!—that's a decent woman—much obliged to you!"

The days which intervened between that and our departure were days of bustle and joy and sorrow and hope, all strangely jumbled together. There was so much to be done and so many people to be seen and taken leave of that we were all in a flurry, and I think the Dillon stud had they voices to speak would have loudly protested against the whole affair, for they were almost constantly in harness. George was all at once elevated to the seventh heaven of hope and expectation, and so exhilarating was the effect of the change in his prospects that not even the parting from Emily and Alfred could depress his spirits to anything like their recent level. Neither Emily nor Alfred was at all pleased with George's choice of a profession, and they said they would only have to redouble their prayers for him, now that he was about entering on a career of increased peril.

"Why, surely," said George with a gay laugh, "you don't consider the military profession more dangerous to the soul than the legal—only think a moment, my reverend brother, and you, as a son of Loyola, will rather congratulate me on my choice. The path which led your founder to perfection cannot surely be unsafe for me. Where can you point to a lawyer on the calendar, whereas you can't deny that it's full of soldiers."

"You forget St. Alphonso Liguori—" said Alfred with a sad smile.

"Oh! well, what if I did—it wasn't by law *he* got on the calendar either. Come, come, Alfred! no more misgivings—you know as well as I do that a man may save his soul in the army as well as at the bar or in the senate——"

"Yes, but his peril is greater—his temptations more numerous—a man wilfully entering on such a career is like one who commits himself to the raging ocean, believing that he can stem and resist its force. Ah George, my dear, my only brother! would to God that you had consulted me before you took this step! As for our good friend, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, I wonder at him——"

"Not a word against *him*, for your life, Father Alfred!—he is a glorious old fellow, and has a heart as big as an ox. Good-bye, my dearest brother!—companion of my childhood, we are certainly taking contrary paths on earth, but with the assistance of your prayers and those of our dear Emily, even I will hope to meet you all in heaven. We may meet again, even here, but if we should not, be well assured that your brother, with God's help, will live and die as becomes a Preston."

During all this discourse I had sat in tearful silence with my hand clasped in that of Alfred, and now, when the final moment was come, that dear brother transferred my hand to that of George, saying in a low tremulous voice: "There, George, to your care I confide our Elinor—watch over her, I adjure you in God's name, for in a land of strangers, she will have only you. You must be to her more than a brother, George, since God has deprived her of all but you."

"And so I mean to be," was George's answer—he could say no more. Then Alfred took a hand of each of us and pressed them fervently within his own, raised his eyes to heaven for a moment in earnest supplication, then dropping the hands he held, he retired from the room. It was easy to see that his strength was exhausted, for his pale cheek and bloodless lip could not fail to strike even less interested beholders. Dear Alfred! how spiritual he looked in that last sad moment with his long fair hair overshadowing a brow of almost feminine whiteness, and his thin, delicate features already impressed with the withering touch of the disease which had broken the first clasp of our happy family. His deep blue eyes—my mother's eyes—were full of soul, and in that moment of unrestrained affection they looked on us as tenderly as hers were wont to do: their expression touched our hearts, and as we drove away from the gate, George murmured: "I did him wrong once, poor fellow—he *has* a heart, and a good one too—" we both involuntarily raised our eyes to the upper windows at the moment, and at one, hastily thrown up, stood Alfred, looking after us with tearful eyes, as we knew by the handkerchief in his hand. George made a parting gesture, I another, and then the carriage swept round a turn in the road, and our brother was seen no more.

On the following day we embarked in one of the Liverpool steamers, there to take our passage in one of the Black Ball Line of Packets for New York. A number of our friends accompanied us on board, and when the gangway was about to be removed, Mr. O'Shaughnessy took us aside for a moment. Shaking hands with me he squeezed a tiny parcel into my hand, telling me to put it away carefully till I got to the other side, "and now, once for all, I tell you, children," said he, "if you should ever find yourselves in want—mind you *in want*—don't hesitate a moment but write to me, and we'll see what can be done, although you *are* turning your backs on me and my old age. And mind if you ever come back to Ireland, come straight to my little place, and if you see the name of Terence O'Shaughnessy on it, go in, in God's name, sure of finding a warm welcome,—if there's some other name on it, or none at all, you may say, 'God's will be done'—poor old Shaugh is gone home at last, and we may look elsewhere for a friend. There, children, don't cry—what do you laugh at, Master George?—because I'm calling you a *child* still, I suppose, and you feeling yourself already a soldier—I will, then, George!—for didn't I see you when you were a child and a small child too, and that not so many years ago either—so none of your mannish airs with me. But as I live there's the gangway going to be moved, and here's Maria and Arthur, and old Stephen, and Madam Dillon, all to kiss and shake hands—cut it short now, friends all, unless you want to have a trip across the channel."

The blessings and farewells were all exchanged, the last friendly hand was shook, the last "God speed you" was vibrating on the air, there was a hurrying of feet over the gangway—it was snatched away with professional quickness, and the water already divided us from the group of warm-hearted friends whom we were leaving perhaps for ever. There they stood in a group, watching us with tearful eyes, as we watched them, and when the distance between us had increased, waving hats and handkerchiefs, until their forms waxed dim and misty in the far distance, and finally disappeared from our view. George and I looked into each other's eyes by a common impulse—we had severed many a strong tie—the companions of long and happy years, ay even those whom we had found friends in need, we had left them behind, and were turning our faces to a land where all was strange and untried—where we knew no one—had no claim on any one—yes! well might we gaze at each other in silence and each in their own heart, for a moment doubt the prudence of the adventurous step. It was only a moment, however, until George resumed—perhaps I might say *assumed* his now natural gaiety and drawing my arm within his said in a cheerful tone: "Come now, Elinor! no despondency, if you love me!—we're in for it, in any case, so let us just make the best of it. For

myself, thank God! my path is plain, it is only for you I would fear or doubt, but I do neither, so mind and follow my example! I smiled faintly, and George rattled on. "Do you remember those lines which we saw in a newspaper sometime ago, Elinor?

"As vanisheth the fleeting dream—
As leaves that part upon the tide—
So 'tis our lot on life's swift stream—
(Perchance forever) to divide;
Or meet perhaps in years to come
As cold as if we ne'er had known—"

Well! the former may happen, but I'll be sworn the latter never will—Shaugh and the rest could never be cold to us, nor we to them—that's one comfort."

Unconsciously I imbibed a portion of my brother's hopeful spirit, and by the time the boat got out into the Bay, we were both prepared to enjoy the wondrous beauty of the surrounding scene. Often had we watched the golden sunset fading across the lovely bay, lingering amongst the white sails and tall masts of the shipping, giving richness as well as beauty to the verdant tints of field and grove, and crowning Ben-Edir's* brow as with a gorgeous diadem of light, then shedding a parting beam on Dalkey, and Lambay, and Ireland's Eye far out in the waters, but never had all this seemed so lovely as now when we were leaving our native land it might be for ever. As we stood side by side looking out on the swiftly passing landscapes, the tears dimmed our eyes as each familiar object was left behind. From the far-off Dublin and Wicklow mountains—already half enveloped in the purple mist of evening to the homely old Pigeon-House close by us, we breathed a heartfelt blessing on all, and still more warmly did we bless the guileless hearts, the true hearts who make the real sunshine of the Emerald Isle.

I would gladly have remained on deck to see the moon rising for the last time over those "scenes of richest bloom," but a strong breeze happening just then to spring up, the boat began to heave and my head began to reel, and it was just as much as I could do to reach my berth, even with George's assistance. So there I was, regularly sea-sick, and for the remainder of the short voyage, I was unable to leave my bed. What a night of horror that was to be sure, cooped up in my narrow crib, suffering in every member, every heave and lurch of the small steamer bringing an increase of torture. Many a time did I wish from my heart that I was quietly snoozing in my comfortable chamber in Adelaide Place, where, with my present experience, I should have been most happy to remain. Towards morning I became somewhat better, and when I was able to crawl out of the ladies' cabin, I met George just at the door, and had the satisfaction of hearing that he had escaped the horrors of sea-sickness. The boat had just stopped, and even that was no small relief to my dizzy head. But better still George hurried me off to a hotel, where I had the luxury of that best of specifics for such maladies, a good cup of tea, and after that, a couple of hours of refreshing sleep, then I arose, if not in renovated health and spirits, at least well enough to accompany George on a sight-seeing expedition. Unfortunately there was not much to see except a wilderness of black, smoky buildings, and a forest of masts, yards, and flags, growing up in apparently inextricable density and confusion from the bosom of the Mersey river. After we had made the circuit of Nelson's monument, admired the Merchant's Exchange, and walked up and down a few of the principal thoroughfares—in fact, the place is throughout one vast thoroughfare—we began to find out that there was little beauty and less variety to be seen in that most dingy and ill-favored city. Never was I so tired of a place, for the noise—the endless din of commerce—was absolutely deafening, and, unlike other cities, there is no part of Liverpool that you can call quiet. It is the great market-place where the whole world seems to transact its business. How any one can live—at least enjoy life—in such a Babel, is to me a mystery. To me there is always something oppressive in the crowded thoroughfares of a great city—something that awes and depresses me—in Liverpool this was especially the case, and never did I feel a more overpowering sense of loneliness than I did while its thousand, thousand voices rang in my ears, and its multitudes hurried past me to and fro in perpetual motion. Still we had only a day to wait there, when I had once regained the privacy of my front-chamber in the Hotel, I felt comparatively quiet, and was well disposed to "take mine ease" in a large *fauteuil* near the window which happening to overlook the street gave me an opportunity of studying the various costumes and peculiarties of people from almost every clime. George, on the contrary, preferred to stroll at leisure through the streets, in order to see everything that was at all worth seeing.

(To be continued.)

* Ben-Edir,—the Irish name for the Hill of Howth.

KING JAMES'S IRISH ARMY LIST.

LIEUTENANT CON O'DOHERTY.

The O'Dohertys were an ancient sept, a branch of the O'Donnells, located on the territory between Loughs Foyle and Swilly and the Atlantic, now known as the barony of Inishowen, county of Donegal. In 1194, an Abbey was founded for Cistercians at Hilfothair, in this county, by the O'Doghertie. It was a filial establishment of Easroa, to which, in process of time, it was united. In three years after, Eachmarcagh O'Doghertie, who had assumed the chieftaincy of Kinel-Connell, the country of O'Donnell, was slain by John de Courcy, in an engagement, where fell several of both those native septs. In 1464, Doncll O'Donnell, chief of Tyrconnel, was taken prisoner by the O'Dohertie. The Tanist succession of the these rival Chiefs is very accurately and fully given by the Four Masters. In 1548, O'Doherty was one of the "confederates" with Con O'Neill against English government. In 1582, say the Four Masters, died the O'Doherty, *i.e.* John, son of Phelim, son of Connor Carrach, Lord of Inishowen. "Had the deceased been a hostage to be ransomed, horses and flocks would have been given for his ransom; his son John Oge was appointed in his place, in opposition to Cahir O'Doherty, and on that account the country was much plundered in its crops, corn, dwellings, and cattle." At the Parliament convened by Sir John Perrot, in 1585, this sept was represented by John Oge, the son of John, son of Phelim, son of Connor Carrach O'Doherty. In three years after, he was taken prisoner by the forces of Sir Richard Bingham and Sir Thomas Norris, on the charge of having "made friendship and alliance with a portion of the men of the Spanish fleet." He died in 1601, "Lord of the barony of Inishowen," say the Masters, "and there was not a Lord of a barony amongst the Irish more distinguished for manual action and hospitality, or more bold in counsel than he." That rank and title the O'Doherty maintained until the time of James the First, when Sir Cahir O'Doherty was killed in a contest with the English. He had in 1605 a grant from King James, of various manors, lordships, castles, lands, advowsons, &c., in the county of Inishowen, or O'Doherty's Country, saving and reserving the Castle of Culmore, in lieu of which he was to receive four salmons per day during the season annually, with the custody of the castle in time of peace, or when not occupied by the Crown; to hold same to him and his heirs male, paying between Michaelmas and All Saints' days 30 good and fat beeves at Newry, and he and his said heirs attending all hostings, risings out, and journies, with twenty footmen and six horsemen armed, and with victuals for forty days, to serve against the "rebels" in Ireland. This was a restoration patent, as of territory heretofore forfeited by Sir John O'Doherty, Knight, Chief of his name and father of said Sir Cahir. The Act of 1612, however, for the attainder of the Earl of Tyrone and confiscation of Ulster, included Sir Cahir O'Doherty, "late of Birtecastle, county of Donegal," in its extermination: and the King thereupon directed that his possessions within the barony of Inishowen and O'Doherty's Countrie should be granted to Sir Arthur Chichester, Knight, with liberty to create manors and freehold estates. To a lady of this broken down and landless family, "Rose O'Doherty, daughter of the Dynasts of Inishowen," a monument is erected in the Franciscan Church at Lovaine. It states that she was first married to Caffry O'Donnell, cousin of the Prince of Tyrconnel, and secondly to Owen O'Neill, Commander of the Catholic Army in Ulster. In 1691, was attainted Charles Doherty of Muff, county of Cavan; as was also Edmund O'Doherty of the county of Donegal. The latter forfeited derivative interests, the reversion of which in fee was claimed in 1700 by the Earl of Donegal, but his petition was dismissed as cautionary.

COLONEL JOHN HAMILTON.

This Officer, says Colonel O'Kelly's narrative, was one of these deputed by Tyrconnel, during his absence from the government on attendance at St. Germains, to guide and advise the young Duke of Berwick. He was the brother as well of General Richard Hamilton who was taken prisoner at the Boyne, as of the accomplished Colonel Anthony Hamilton who fought against the Enniskilleners, and wrote the well-known "Memoirs of Grammont." The above Colonel John ranked as a Major-General and a Brigadier at Aughrim, where he was taken prisoner. O'Conor, in his *Military Memoirs*, says that this General was with a force detached to the aid of besieged Limerick, too late for its last struggle; the enemy were in possession of the ramparts, and drove back the designed relief to their camp.

COLONEL GORDON O'NEILL.

Colonel Gordon was son of the celebrated Sir Phelim O'Neill of Kinard or Caledon, county of Tyrone; and was by James the Second appointed Lord Lieutenant of that county, which he also represented in the Parliament of 1689. In his military service he, by the order of his Lieutenant-General, Richard Hamilton, proclaimed protection "for all such as would submit themselves, and lay down their arms, and peaceably live in their own dwellings." At the battle of Aughrim he ranked as a Brigadier, where he was left for dead on the field; but "being recognized the following day by some Scotch officers, connected with him through his mother (who was of the noble house of Gordon in Scotland), they had him kindly attended to, till he recovered of his wounds. After gaining his liberty he followed the Irish army to the continent, where he served as Colonel of a Regiment, which, in compliment to him, was called the Charlemont." Of that Brigaded Regiment, Hugh McMahon was Lieutenant-Colonel, and Edmund Murphy Major.

RUSSIA IN INDIA.

In all human probability, India is lost to the British Empire. This revolt is not a mere military insurrection, it is a national rebellion, the operation of a grand conspiracy, partly prompted by Russia. The news that has come is bad, and the news that is coming is worse. The Funds are falling fraction after fraction. Delhi is not taken nor likely to be taken, but Calcutta has had a narrow escape of being taken. The insurrection had not extended into Bombay and Madras, but the sense of insecurity there is strikingly stated. March the Madras and Bombay troops against Delhi, if you dare! The Bengal army had ceased to exist. All communications were cut off in the Northern Provinces by the insurgents; and the Press was gagged by the government. The King of Oude was in jail for acting as a Russian agent, and General Barnard, at the end of June, was sitting outside of Delhi, waiting for reinforcements supposed to be coming from Madras. But the Telegraph omits to say that a week afterwards the army of the Emperor of Delhi would certainly receive a most important reinforcement, arriving by the most extraordinary and unfailing means of transport. Major Monsoon begins to blow in these parts about the first of July, and is at least as mortal to a British army in Hindoostan, as General February was in the Crimea. God be merciful to General Barnard, and his unfortunate three thousand men, out on the hot hills in front of those thirty-thousand savage Sepoys, flushed with such splendid success. He is without a siege train. An assault on Delhi would be merely the Redan repeated with infinitely more disgrace. He is being gradually besieged himself by the troops, who are flocking from all parts towards the Emperor's army. A British General surrendering his sword to the Sepoy Mutineer-in-Chief, would be a fine moral spectacle for the consideration of India and the universe!

It is intimated that the news is not so bad as it might have been. Certainly not. The surprise of Calcutta might have succeeded, and Lord Canning been hanged in a row with the Supreme Council in front of Fort William. In the ten days of interval, it is just possible that every Sepoy in India might openly have joined the revolution. But for the day sufficient is the evil thereof—and the meaning of this news, such as it is, is awful. The whole Bengal army is gone; and can we rely for one instant on the accounts we receive of the "loyalty" of the other Presidencies? Why, we heard by the last mail that the conduct of the troops at Calcutta was unexceptionable; and meantime they were watching their opportunity, with the feline reticence and ferocity of genuine Orientals, to spring upon the Governor-General himself. The authorities gave thanks to several Native Regiments for loyal addresses, and the next day one of them slew its officers, and galloped off to the Sacred City. In treachery and atrocity, for a century the Briton has had the decided advantage of the Indian—but Samson's hair has grown again, and he has learned all the arts of Dalilah. It is not merely that he can plot, and lie with greater secrecy and skill, but he can strike with a vigor as deadly, and with all the regulated energy of civilization. There never was an insurrection more scientifically executed.

It is admitted that England has to undertake the re-conquest of India. We believe that Indian England will be on the sea coast, under the guns of the fleet, before the end of this year. It is not in the nature of such a movement as this to stand still—and if Barnard's army be, as we believe it will be, annihilated, or has to surrender, or attempt a retreat, the whole of the Peninsula, from Cashmere to Ceylon, will most certainly rise. The movement is at present confined to the disaffected districts of the north—but its real weight will come when the wedge has penetrated the country as far as Berar, and the lately annexed and desperately discontented districts of the south.

There is a point marked Saugor on the map, in the north of Berar. It is said by military men who have studied the country, to be the centre of a series of military positions unequalled on the face of the globe. It is the key of a rich and thoroughly rebellious country. A mere glance at the map shows what a formidable centre of operations this place would make. An army there could equally menace Bombay, all the routes from Madras, and the great northern route through Allahabad from Calcutta. The country around is a tier of natural fortresses. The people were annexed just before Oude, and hate England with the hate of hell. We watch with a lively curiosity for news of some striking movement in this direction. We shall consider that the Russian General, who advises His Majesty, the Emperor, knows his business, if he contrives to push the apex of his army so far before the British reinforcements arrive.

The English still doubt, indeed, or affect to doubt, how far this is a diversion of the Czars. It is the most lamentable sign of the decay of the race, this intensifying stupidity. The Cossack, or the Sepoy always catches them asleep. It is as manifest that this is a Russian diversion, as anything of which we have not the absolute tangible evidence in our hands. We stated a fortnight ago, on undoubted authority, that there were Russian agents at Agra. We are not aware whether we shall startle our readers now, by the information that there are Russian military posts within 400 miles of the British frontier.

But there is one man in India, at all events, who is well worth watching. It is plain to see that the old Princes are in this movement—the royalists of Delhi and Oude, and a troop of miner Rajahs, have given it their sanction; and indeed the Bengal army itself is an army of priests and gentlemen. Between the North and Centre, the sole reliance of England is on the Maharajah of Gwalior, a young, extravagant Oriental, likely to be led away by the ambition of starring at the head of an insurgent army—likely otherwise to get his throat cut. But there is in the North of India a Prince, who is the first of his dynasty, and who has already, before middle age, made himself from a common trooper, the King of the beautiful and celebrated Cashmere. What is Ghoolab Sing doing? A splendid soldier, and a most wily diplomatist; with Russia at his rear; with a ready-made revolution in his front; with the most exquisite army in the East, better than the Sikh, better than the Sepoy—a Napoleonic destiny offers itself to this child of fortune. It is on him that the British Empire in the East mainly depends. May his counsels be as wise as the Prophet's, and his acts as grand as Alexander's!—*Nation.*

DESTRUCTIVE AGENCIES.—Nearly one-fourth of all the deaths in Massachusetts during 1855 were from consumption; the next greatest human destroyer was dysentery, commonly called *bloody flux.* Consumption is seated in the lungs—dysentery is located about that portion of the bowels immediately under the stomach. Cough is the most universally observed symptom in consumption; passing blood is the inseparable attendant of dysentery. The spark which kindles up consumptive diseases is sudden changes in the temperature of the body from heat above what is natural to one below. The most universal cause of dysentery is the breathing of a bad air between sunset and breakfast-time in warm weather. The practical knowledge of these things, a possible and wide avoidance of them, would sweep from the list of human maladies the two deadliest of all diseases known to civilized life; and yet, not one in a dozen can be induced to wisely guard against cooling off too soon after exercise, or to avoid the breathing of an unwholesome atmosphere in warm weather, especially in August and September, with their hot days and cool nights. The result of this ignorance and inattention is, that the average of human life in the most intelligent State of the Union, and the thriftiest, does not exceed 28 years, when it ought to exceed "three-score and ten!"

AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.—The *North American Review* tells the following story: "An American of somewhat rude appearance, walking in the Strand early in May, saw his favorite dish of strawberries and cream blushing at him from the counter of a restaurant. Entering, he carelessly called for a bowl, to the marked surprise of several persons present, who knew the extravagance of the luxury, and rightly presumed that the American was ignorant at what cost he was putting himself. He had not finished his repast before the curious looks of the company suggested his mistake and roused his latent pride. 'What is to pay?' inquired he, as he laid down the dish, not without a lowering side-look at the wiseacres who waited for his chop-fallen aspect when the victualler's reply should fall on his ears. 'A guinea, sir.' Tossing down the coin from a not over-full purse, and bridling up with an air of assumed indifference, 'I'll take another!' was the American's only rejoinder."

RATTING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—At the early sitting, on the 17th July, a rat trotted with perfect nonchalance across the floor of the House of Commons from the Opposition to the Ministerial side, apparently unnoticed even by the vigilant eye of the Sergeant-at-Arms. The super-sagacity attributed to the race might suggest some reflections. Was this feat intended by way of encouragement to new members, to show that ratting might be accomplished with ease and impunity? Or was it merely an assertion of the rights of the *mus* genus to look at a speaker as a cat may look at a king?

The Andover *Advertiser* tells a story of a woman belonging to that town, who had a falling out with her husband, and threatened to drown herself in the "great pond." Her husband was not at first alarmed, but at length she disappeared; soon her bonnet and shawl were discovered at the water's edge, the alarm spread throughout the neighborhood; diligent search was instituted. Several persons were engaged in dragging the pond, grappling irons were brought into requisition, but to no purpose. All efforts, however, proved abortive, and the anxious ones were about to give up in despair, when lo and behold, the lost one appeared, safe and sound. She had been seated in a thicket overlooking the whole affair, and congratulated herself on having come it over them.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XII.

N. P. O'Gorman—Checkley, the Attorney—How to prove an *Alibi*—Kingstown Harbor—Representation of Kilkenny—Patronage—the *Edinburgh Review* on Catholicity—Visit to Canterbury Cathedral—"The best-abused Man in the British Dominions"—O'Connell abused by William the Fourth—By George the Fourth—Personal Appearance of George the Fourth in 1794 and 1821—His Object in coming to Ireland—Anecdote of his *liaison* with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

AMONG O'Connell's reminiscences of his fellow strugglers for emancipation, he told me the following anecdote of Mr. N. P. O'Gorman. "O'Gorman, previously to emancipation, was one of the most violent out-and-out partizans of the Catholic party. He often declared that I did not go far enough. We were once standing together in the inn at Ennis, and I took up a prayer-book which lay in the window, and said, kissing it, 'By virtue of this book, I will not take place or office from the government until emancipation is carried. Now, Purcell, my man! will *you* do as much?' Purcell O'Gorman put the book to his lips, but immediately put it away, saying, 'I won't swear: I needn't! my word is as good as my oath—I am sure of my own fidelity!' When Chief Baron O'Grady heard this story, he remarked, 'They were both quite right. Government has nothing worth O'Connell's while to take, until emancipation be carried; but anything at all would be good enough for Purcell O'Gorman.'"

21st of October.—The conversation turned upon legal practice in general, and the ingenious dexterities of roguish attorneys in particular. "The cleverest rogue in the profession that ever I heard of," said O'Connell, "was one Checkley, familiarly known by the name of 'Checkley-be-d————d.' Checkley was agent once at the Cork assizes, for a fellow accused of burglary and aggravated assault committed at Bantry. The noted Jerry Keller was counsel for the prisoner, against whom the charge was made out by the clearest circumstantial evidence; so clearly, that it seemed quite impossible to doubt his guilt. When the case for the prosecution closed, the judge asked if there were any witnesses for the defence. 'Yes, my Lord,' said Jerry Keller, 'I have three briefed to me.' 'Call them,' said the judge. Checkley immediately bustled out of court, and returned at once, leading in a very respectable-looking, farmer-like man, with a blue coat and gilt buttons, scratch wig, corduroy tights, and gaiters. 'This is a witness to character, my lord,' said Checkley. Jerry Keller (the counsel) forthwith began to examine the witness. After asking him his name and residence, 'You know the prisoner in the dock?' said Keller. 'Yes, your honor, ever since he was a gorsoon!' 'And what is his general character?' said Keller. 'Ogh, the devil a worse!' 'Why what sort of a witness is this you've brought?' cried Keller, passionately, flinging down his brief, and looking furiously at Checkley; 'he has ruined us!' 'He may prove an alibi, however,' returned Checkley; 'examine him to alibi as instructed in your brief.' Keller accordingly resumed his examination. 'Where was the prisoner on the 10th instant?' said he. 'He was near Castlemartyr,' answered the witness. 'Are you sure of that?' 'Quite sure, counsellor!' 'How do you know with such certainty?' 'Because upon that very night I was returning from the fair, and when I got near my own house, I saw the prisoner a little way on before me—I'd swear to him anywhere. He was dodging about, and I knew it could be for no good end. So I slipped into the field, and turned off my horse to grass; and while I was watching the lad from behind the ditch, I saw him pop across the wall into my garden and steal a lot of parsnips and carrots; and, what I thought a great deal worse of—he stole a bran new English spade I had got from my landlord, Lord Shannon. So, faix, I cut away after him, but as I was tired from the day's labor, and he being fresh and nimble, I wasn't able to ketch him. But next day my spade was seen surely in his house, and that's the same rogue in the dock! I wish I had a hoult of him.' 'It is quite evident,' said the judge, 'that we must acquit the prisoner; the witness has clearly established an alibi for him; Castlemartyr is nearly sixty miles from Bantry; and he certainly is anything but a partizan of his. Pray, friend,' addressing the witness, 'will you swear informations against the prisoner for his robbery of your property?' 'Troth I will, my lord! with all the pleasure in life, if your lordship thinks I can get any satisfaction out of him. I am tould I can for the spade, but not for the carrots and parsnips.' 'Go to the Crown Office and swear informations,' said the judge.

"The prisoner was of course discharged, the alibi having clearly been established; in an hour's time inquiry was made as to whether Checkley's rural witness had sworn informations in the Crown Office. That gentleman was not to be heard of: the prisoner also had vanished immediately on being discharged—and of course resumed his mal-practices forthwith. It needs hardly be told, that Lord Shannon's *soi-disant* tenant dealt a little in fiction, and that the whole story of his farm from that nobleman, and of the prisoner's theft of the spade and the vegetables, was a pleasant device of Mr. Checkley's. I told this story," continued O'Connell, "to a coterie of English barristers with whom I dined; and it was most diverting to witness their astonishment at Mr. Checkley's unprincipled ingenuity. Stephen Rice, the assistant barrister, had so high an admiration of this clever rogue, that he declared that he would readily walk fifty miles to see Checkley!"

Talking of the new harbor at Kingstown, O'Connell said, "That harbor proves that you can make a harbor anywhere, provided you have money enough. There could not be greater natural disadvantages anywhere than at Kingstown; a wild, open bay, and exposure to all the blasts that blow. But see what the money has made of it." An English gentleman, named Senior, inquired about the chance of getting railways in Ireland. "No chance at present," was the answer. "You have seen the English Radicals and Tories unite in refusing to Ireland the necessary loan." "Oh, but that may have arisen from the fear of non-payment; the million advanced for the parsons has never been repaid." "There was no deception *there*," said O'Connell; I distinctly told them, before that million was advanced, that it never would be repaid. Not so the advance for railways; *that* would have been for a work of real utility to Ireland, and the security would have been unimpeachable." "How did Joe Hume vote?" inquired Mr. Senior." "Oh, for lending the money, I believe," replied O'Connell. "You know," observed I, "that he has an Irish constituency."* "Oh, he wouldn't much mind that," rejoined O'Connell. "He is not very popular with his Kilkenny friends now. I do not think they will again return him. Kilkenny is the pleasantest place in the world to be returned for; it costs the member nothing. Hume's election cost him only sevenpence, the sevenpence being the extra postage of a letter he got the day before he was returned. Matters are managed in Kilkenny by three or four families, who are in the confidence of the people. Among the rest, there is the family of Smithwick. The head of that family has made about £4,000 a year by trade; a most respectable and patriotic family! I am keeping Kilkenny for a nest-egg for myself, in case I should not deem it advisable to go to the expense of contesting Dublin at the next election. Lord Lyndhurst has got a clause into the Municipal Act which confirms the titles of a vast number of fictitious freemen in Dublin—those fellows might give us trouble."

O'Connell complained that he had received a letter from some person soliciting "patronage." "Well, well!" he exclaimed, "is not this fatuity most unaccountable? In spite of Lord Ebrington's recent declaration, that no patronage should be given to Repealers, here are these blockheads still persisting to suppose that I can get what I please from the government!"

O'Connell was greatly pleased and interested with an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, for October, 1840, on "Ranke's Lives of the Popes." I remarked that the Reviewer had ascribed to human policy, that which no human policy could have availed to produce, namely, the essential vitality of the Catholic Church. That vitality can only be ascribed to the care and protection of the Divine Founder of the Catholic religion. No human wisdom could have possibly availed to perpetuate through the stormy vicissitudes of eighteen centuries any institution which merely had *men* for its authors.

"Yes," replied O'Connell, "but it is pleasing to observe, that the Reviewer fully *admits* the vitality, though he errs in his mode of accounting for it. I like the article very much; it is one of the many pioneers of Catholicity in Britain."

O'Connell constantly spoke with much interest of the number of converts in England who were swelling the ranks of the Catholic Church. I remember the delight with which he exclaimed, one morning in London, "Yesterday I dined in company—blessed be God! with fourteen converts!" And he often said, "I hope that I may yet live to see Mass offered up in Westminster Abbey, as it formerly was. God has mercy yet in store for England."

He was an enthusiastic admirer of the ancient cathedrals of England. In that of Canterbury he took a peculiar interest, as it was the scene of the martyrdom of St. Thomas a Becket; an occurrence which he employed Mr. Alfred Elmore to commemorate, in the spirited picture which hangs in the church of St. Andrew, Westland-row, Dublin. O'Connell said, "I have presented this picture to the church, in the hope that the sight of it may put other people in mind to follow my example."

There was a slight incident connected with his visit to Canterbury Cathedral, which he took pleasure in frequently recording. "While walking through the noble old Catholic pile," said he, "I chanced to remark to my daughter,† who accompanied me, that it was not a little singular that not one Protestant prelate had ever been interred within its walls. This remark was overheard by the female guide who shows the cathedral to visitors. She listened attentively, and after some apparent hesitation, said, 'May I take the liberty, sir, of asking a question!' 'Certainly,' said I. 'Then may I make so bold as to ask, if all those Archbishops were Papists?' 'Every one of them, madam,' said I. 'Bless me!' cried the woman, in astonishment, 'I never knew that before.' I then described the effect of the high altar lighted up for the celebration of Mass in Catholic times; when the great aisle, now boxed up into compartments by the organ loft, stretched its venerable and unbroken length from the altar to the portal, thronged with kneeling worshippers. The picture delighted the woman. 'Oh!' cried she, clapping her hands, 'I should like to see that!' 'God grant you may yet,' returned I."

Then he would sometimes add,—"and he may yet grant it—England is steadily and gradually returning to the Catholic faith."

Comparing the cathedrals of Catholic times with those erected since the Reformation, he observed, "Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's afford us good specimens of this sort of contrast: the very architecture of the former seems to breathe the aspiring sentiment of Christianity; but St. Paul's—it is a noble temple to be sure; but, as for any peculiarity of Christian character about it, it might just as well be a temple to Neptune!"

Mr. O'Connell was in the habit of saying that he was the best abused-man in the British dominions. That he should have served as a target for the factious enemies of liberty to discharge their pop-guns at, is exceedingly natural, when we consider the prominent position he occupied as the champion of constitutional freedom.

"You are used to this now," I observed to him one day; "but did it not at first annoy you?" "Not a bit," he replied; "I knew the scoundrels were only *advertising* me by their abuse."

But he sometimes was the object of abuse of a less usual description than that of pamphleteers or newspaper-paragraph writers.

"I have had," said he, "the honor of sustaining some royal abuse. William the Fourth scolded me in a royal speech; but George the Fourth had previously bestowed a most royal malediction on me. I attended the first levee after the Emancipation Bill passed; the wretched king was suffering from an utterly broken constitution, and the presence chamber was kept as thin as it was possible, to preserve him from inconvenient crowding. When I got into the midst of it, approaching the throne, I saw the lips of his majesty moving; and thinking it possible he might be speaking to me, I advanced, in order to make, if requisite, a suitable reply. He had ceased to speak—I kissed hands and passed out. In some days I saw a mysterious paragraph in a Scotch newspaper, remarking on the strange mode in which an Irish subject had been received by his prince, who was stated to have vented a curse at him. I happened to meet the Duke of Norfolk, and asked him if he could explain the paragraph. 'Yes,' said he, '*you* are the person alluded to.' The day you were at the levee, his majesty said, as you were approaching, 'There is O'Connell!—G—d damn the scoundrel!'"

A recent writer has praised George the Fourth's colloquial abilities.

"Why," said O'Connell, "from his rank, he of course found ready listeners, and he could talk familiarly of royal personages, concerning whom there is usually some curiosity felt. That kind of talk might have passed for agreeable; but his favorite conversation was that of a profligate, half-drunken trooper."

"Was he, in your opinion, a handsome, princely-looking fellow?"

"When I saw him in 1794," replied O'Connell, "he was a remarkably handsome-faced man; his figure was faulty, narrow shoulders, and enormous hips; yet altogether, he was certainly a very fine-looking fellow. But when I saw him in Dublin in 1821, age and the results of dissipation had made him a most hideous object; he had a flabby, tallow-colored face; and his frame was quite debilitated. He came to Ireland to humbug the Catholics, who, he thought, would take sweet words instead of useful deeds. Ah! we were not to be humbugged!"

"I believe, he added," "that there never was a greater scoundrel than George the Fourth. To his other evil qualities he added a perfect disregard of truth. During his connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert, Charles James Fox dined with him one day in that lady's company. After dinner, Mrs Fitzherbert said, 'By-the-bye, Mr. Fox, I had almost forgotten to ask you, what you *did* say about me in the House of Commons the other night? The newspapers misrepresent so very strangely, that one cannot depend on them. You were made to say, that the Prince authorized you to deny his marriage with me!' The Prince made monetary grimaces at Fox, and immediately said, 'Upon my honor, my dear, I never authorized him to deny it.' 'Upon my honor, sir, you *did*,' said Fox, rising from table; 'I had always thought your father the greatest liar in England, but now I see that *you* are.'* Fox would not associate with the Prince for some years, until one day that he walked in, unannounced, and found Fox at dinner. Fox rose as the Prince entered, and said that he had but one course consistent with his hospitable duty as an English gentleman, and that was to admit him."

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* Kilkenny.

† The accomplished and highly-gifted Mrs. Fitzsimon.

* One Sunday, in 1796, my maternal grandfather, who was the Protestant Rector of Ardstraw, on returning from church, told some members of his family who had spent the day at home, "that he had publicly prayed in the Litany for Mrs. Fitzherbert." On their expressing surprise, he replied, "I prayed for the Princess of Wales; and there is not, in the sight of Heaven, any other Princess of Wales than Mrs. Fitzherbert."

(To be continued.)

STATE OF SPAIN.—By a recent census of Spain it appears that the population of that kingdom is now upwards of 17,000,000. The census of 1849 showed a population of 18,936,218; and, including the colonies, 18,144,509. So that the aggregate for the whole of the Spanish possessions, without allowing for any increase in the colonies, is at least 21,208,291. This progress is much greater than would generally have been supposed. It leaves in advance of Spain but four nations in Europe.

THE CROP PROSPECTS.

The earlist Spring reports of the wheat crop, and the continuous rains through almost all of May and the fore part of June, were well calculated to awaken fears of a very short harvest. We are happy to be able to report a much better prospect than has been anticipated.

Winter Wheat was pretty generally winter-killed, throughout the open prairie country in Northern Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, but farmers generally adopted the practice of sowing on Spring wheat, and harrowing it in, without plowing up what remained of the Winter crop. We found an excellent stand of Spring wheat almost every where, and the yield may be set down as above an average one. In Ohio, Middle and Southern Indiana, and Illinois, and in most parts of Missouri, a large breadth of Winter wheat was sown. Early in the Spring, the prospect was unfavorable, but the crop came forward far better than could be expected, and, except on naturally wet land, a generally good yield has been already secured. The ravages of insects have in most places been much less severe than last year.

Indian Corn was kept back very late almost everywhere. We saw hundreds of fields in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois, in which the corn had not received its first hoeing up to June 15th, and the yield will doubtless be greatly diminished, simply for want of working. Since that date the weather has been admirably adapted to hasten forward this crop, and as "July and August make the corn crop," we shall, on the whole, have a full average yield, unless we are visited with unusually early Autumnal frosts.

Oats and Barley are cultivated more extensively this year than ever before, and the present prospect is promising.

The Hay Crop has probably never been better than it is everywhere this season. We could wish there were stock enough to profitably consume next Winter all the hay in the country.

Potatoes are widely planted, but we are not yet able to speak definitely of their condition and prospects. There are rumors of bad rotting in some of the early plantings.

Fruit, especially apple, promise a fair crop.

On the whole, we can congratulate the farmers of the country upon the present and prospective abundant reward which will generally attend their labors the current year. We say generally, for there will be many exceptions, as it is certain that all who are so unfortunate as to occupy wet, undrained lands, both have and will meet with much loss, from the long-continued rains of the past Spring.—*American Agriculturist.*

CANADA THISTLES.—Canada Thistles are a great pest of the farm. They fill up both pastures and meadows, and, if allowed to multiply, will take possession and drive out the grasses. Cultivation will of course kill them, but the seed is scattered in immeasurable quantities from the plants that stand neglected in the corners of the fields and fences, and by the road-side. We have never been more struck with the wastefulness and wickedness of Virginia worm fence, than in travelling through the districts infested with this weed. Every corner of the zigzag was full, and securely nestled beyond the reach of scythe the neglected pests scattered their prolific seeds. It is commonly recommended to cut them while in bloom an inch or two above the ground, so that the hollow stalk may be filled with water with the first rain, and the root be killed. This may be effectual, if the rain comes seasonably; but we doubt if anything short of thorough cultivation will redeem the land that is already stocked with this plant. Every farmer should see to it that his pastures, fences and road-side, are thoroughly cleansed of this pest. Mowing will prevent them from going to seed, and if followed up vigorously, will kill them. No plant can long survive the constant cutting of its stem and leaves. Let the first work after haying be the destruction of the thistles.—*Ibid.*

A NOVEL SPECULATION.—Mr. R. C. Jennyes, a lawyer in Troy, who has long rejoiced in the most ample and luxuriant of locks hanging gracefully over a wide and easy collar, was on Wednesday shorn of his hirsute glory by a committee of citizens, who had purchased of him the right to do so by paying him the round sum of one hundred dollars. The hair was removed, by a ferocious looking barber, with a pair of sheers three feet long; a supernumerary lifted each separate lock with a pitchfork, and laid them on the plates provided; while a negro with a banjo played the dead march. And the lawyer arose, pocketed his $100, and went forth cropped. It was a good speculation for him.

DR. CATLIN.—Dr. Catlin, who has suddenly become famous through his connection with the recent Cunningham farce, is a native of Durham, Conn., and studied medicine with Dr. Tyler, of New Haven. After receiving his diploma, in 1849, he practised medicine for a short time in Derby. He married Miss Beecher, a cousin of Henry Ward Beecher, and a sister of Rev. Mr. Beecher, of Saratoga, to which place, it will be remembered, Miss Augusta Cunningham was preparing to go last winter. Catlin's wife left him last spring, and has refused to live with him since.

An English paper informs us that it costs as much per annum to support the family of Prince Albert, as it does to support forty thousand families of working men!

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

A man named David Bell, who resided at Ballee, and who for some time past had been employed at Leighinmohr bleach green, adjoining this town, was found to have committed suicide, having suspended himself by the neck with a handkerchief, fastened to a projection in the apartment connected with the engine house in which he was employed. He had been frequently drunk during the preceding week, and his rash act is imputed to *delirium tremens*, or insanity produced by excess.—*Ballymena Observer.*

A young man named William Beatty had his right arm caught by a belt that passed over a drum in one of the factories. The bone was broken. It will not be necessary to perform any operation, which may be considered a very fortunate circumstance, as this kind of accident rarely occurs in the rendering amputation of the limb unavoidable.—*Banner of Ulster.*

A woman named M'Conachie attempted to commit suicide by throwing herself into the water near the toll bridge, on the Lagan. She was rescued with difficulty, and brought to the Police Office. The woman afterwards denied that she had attempted to destroy herself, and stated that she had accidentally fallen into the water.

Armagh.

A man named Thompson was shot dead in Augher, county Armagh, on the evening of the 21st July, while sitting on a chair in a shop. A man named Joseph Smith, who had the gun from which the shot was fired, gave himself into custody; and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death, it appearing that the gun accidentally exploded.

The *Armagh Guardian* suggests that the Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Belfast should look after the five master bakers who seem determined to maintain slavery and cruelty towards their workmen by keeping up night-work.

A child was admitted to the Armagh Infirmary, some days since, laboring under the effects of an overdose of whiskey, administered by its mother, and in a few hours died in convulsions.

Clare.

An unfortunate man named Fitzgerald, residing at Cappaglacken, near O'Callaghan's Mills, hanged himself, it is supposed, in a fit of insanity.

Cork.

An inquest was held, by the Coroner of Cork, on the body of Margaret Revell, at Bandon, who committed suicide by hanging herself in her bedroom. It appeared that the husband of the deceased, who is a horse-trainer, had occasion to go to his house for a blister for a horse, when he found the street door locked, and after knocking for some time, at length was obliged to get into the house through the window. He proceeded to the bedroom and found his wife suspended from a beam. He immediately cut the rope, and gave the alarm. It appeared that the deceased had had a quarrel with her son, which was the only thing that could account for her committing the act. The jury found a verdict that deceased had hanged herself in a state of temporary insanity.

The crank axle of the engine conveying the 7.40, A.M., up mail train, from Bandon to Cork broke between Upton and Crossbarry. The driver, Guest, fortunately felt a little time before that something was wrong, and shut off the steam immediately, so that all danger was completely averted. Mr. Swanston, local director, who was in the train, immediately forwarded intelligence to the Cork terminus, when Mr. Coghlan, traffic manager, Mr. Conran, locomotive superintendent, and a body of the company's workmen proceeded to the spot with carriages for the conveyance of the passengers in, as well as the necessary appliances for lifting and removing the disabled engine. Beyond this temporary inconvenience no accident occurred.—*Constitution.*

Dublin.

As the train was passing the level crossing near to the Howth terminus, a poor woman named Doyle was observed to be crossing the line. The gate-keeper called her back, but no sooner had she stepped back than she again attempted to cross in front of the approaching train when she was caught by the engine and knocked down, and survived the injuries she sustained only a few minutes. An inquest was held on her remains, when the jury returned the following verdict: "We find that the deceased was accidentally killed on the 25th ult., whilst going over the first crossing from Howth, on the Dublin and Howth Railway, by one of the trains, and that no blame whatever is attached to the driver of the engine, John Rafferty. We also find that the cause of said accident was the want of a person to be placed in charge of the turnstile of said crossing.

Mr. Charles Byrne, 16 Bishop street, sold a sample of new oats in the Corn Exchange, belonging to Denis William Moran, Esq., Ashford, county Wicklow, at 16s. per barrel. This was the first sample which appeared at our market.

The trial of Spollen will be proceeded with at the ensuing commission of Oyer and Terminer, which opens on the 4th of August. The case for the crown will be conducted by Mr. Brewster, Q.C.—*Evening Mail.*

Kerry.

A surveying party are now located at Valentia, in a hired vessel, making preliminary surveys of the Forerock and taking the circumjacent soundings, preparatory to the erection of a light-house on it, under the Corporation for improving the Port of Dublin. The want of a light on this rock has been often reported by homeward-bound vessels, as the latitude of the Skellings is the track of vessels crossing the Atlantic, and in nine cases out of ten the Blaskets or Skellings is the first land they make. The work will, with all possible expedition, be proceeded with.

Kildare.

A soldier of the 56th Regiment, at the Curragh camp, deliberately loaded his gun with blank cartridge, applied the muzzle of the same to his mouth and blew his brains out. When his comrades entered the room on hearing the shot, the wretched man exhibited a shocking spectacle, the skull being shattered into fragments, and the brains scattered round the walls.—*Carlow Sentinel.*

Limerick.

At a meeting of the members of the Newcastle West Union, held on Thursday, July 23, a letter was read from the Commissioners relative to the proposed allocation of a small part of the dining hall to the purposes of a chapel. The communication reminded the board that a suitable baptismal font had already been erected—deprecated the idea of reserving any portion of the dining hall for exclusively religious purposes, and concluded by requesting the board to take no further steps in the matter. This curious communication was strongly disapproved for its assumptions. A discussion followed, in the course of which William Smith O'Brien, Esq., entered and proceeded to occupy the chair, which was vacated by Mr. Ambrose. Mr. Ambrose informed the chairman of the subject which was under discussion. The Chairman said—I would suggest that a screen be placed between the portion of the dining hall devoted to religious purposes, and the remainder of the apartment. The suggestion met with the unanimous concurrence of the board. The Clerk of the Works, who was present, explained that after reserving seventeen feet for the altar, there would still remain sixty-eight feet for all ordinary purposes. The Chairman observed that it would be better for the members of the board to go and make examination themselves before taking any decisive steps in the matter. Acting on this suggestion the guardians adjourned to inspect the apartment, and after an absence of half an hour, returned, when the following letter, written by the chairman, to the Commissioners of the Poor Law relief for Ireland, was unanimously adopted: "Sir—I am directed by the guardians of the Newcastle Union to observe, in answer to your letter of the 22d July, that the guardians proposed to inclose within a screen only seventeen feet out of eighty-four feet, which is the distance from the railing of the chapel to the end of the dining hall. The Commissioners, therefore, are in error when they suppose that we proposed 'to convert one half of the hall which is intended for several purposes, into one exclusively of a religious nature.' The guardians are unanimously of opinion that a proper respect to the Deity ought to induce them to remove as much as possible from the minds of the inmates the idea that they are in the habit of worshipping in the dining hall; and it seems to them that, instead of discouraging them from making arrangements which concern those whom they represent, the Commissioners ought rather to point to their examples as a precedent worthy of imitation by other Boards of Guardians. In order to meet the views of the Commissioners the guardians are contented to reserve a space for inclosure, by a screen of ten or eleven feet in distance from the railing of the chapel. By this arrangement a space of seventy-four feet in length will be left for dining and other purposes, which, in the present state of the establishment, is much more than is required. I have the honor to be, your obedient servant, Wm. S. O'Brien."

An animated discussion took place on the propriety of the members of the Council attending the inauguration of the O'Connell Statue in their robes, &c. The question whether "humbug" would ever cease, was asked by Mr. Sheehy, and warmly replied to by Mr. Boyse. A resolution, proposed by Mr. Boyse and seconded by Mr. Hastings, to the effect that the members should attend in their robes, was put by the Mayor, and carried *nem. con.* On the motion of Alderman Fitzgerald for an advance of £150 out of the rate towards beautifying the approach to the Protestant Cathedral, the following amendment was proposed by Mr. Sheehy. As "restitution is recommended by God and man, we call upon the present occupier of Saint Mary's Cathedral to restore it to its original owners, and they will adorn and beautify it without calling on the tax-payers to aid them." Mr. Sheehy handed in the amendment, observing that Father Kenyon's remark—that parties he knew were born the sons of slaves, and would die slaves—would be borne out if the amendment then before the Mayor were not supported as it should be. A poll was demanded, and the original resolution was carried by a majority of three. Town Councillor Fitzgerald then gave notice that the money be not paid. The Council shortly afterwards adjourned.

A truly melancholy accident occurred in the river Shannon, near Corbally, and which has thrown an amiable and highly respectable family with its relatives and immediate friends into the deepest distress. Two young lads, mere youths, one the son of Captain Phayer, paymaster of the Depot Battalion, and the other the son of Captain and Adjutant Gillespie, went to bathe, when the former, getting out of his depth and not knowing how to swim, was drowned. His companion, who was also ignorant of the art of swimming, made every attempt to rescue him, but in vain. He, however, by his cries, brought to the spot some fishermen, and they rescued the body, but too late, as the vital sparke had fled.

A woman named Mrs. ——, of Patrick's-well, aged about 65, called on Constable Nash, and stated to him that she was a widow who had lately got married to a young boy of 19, and had, at the time of her marriage, about £400. He induced her to take the money out of the bank and keep it in her box: all went on smoothly until he sent her into Limerick for the purpose of buying flour; during her absence he broke open her box and took £250 and all her clothes, and started off with a servant girl of 18 for America, leaving poor Mary without a shilling to comfort her, and but little from Sergeant Nash.

Queen's County.

As a young woman named Mary Spellan, of Ballyroan, was returning with her little nephew, aged eight years, from Maryborough, in an ass's car, both persons fell asleep, and the ass having, as is supposed, been browsing along the ditches the car upset, when, melancholy to relate, the young woman was killed; the child was not hurt, but was found at four o'clock on the following morning asleep under the carpet by the side of the corpse of its poor aunt, and it would appear the accident did not even awake him.

Waterford.

There are at present lying on Waterford quay, near the Adelphi, two immense blocks of splendid white marble of the finest description—one weighing about seven tons, and the other five and a quarter tons. These blocks were conveyed by the Mars steamer, and are intended for the flagging of the new Catholic Cathedral, Kilkenny. Their enormous weight proves a barrier to their further conveyance, and it is proposed to saw the huge stones where they lie into flags of the proper dimensions, before forwarding them to their destination.

THE CROPS IN IRELAND.

So far as the cereal crops and green crops generally go this year, the farmers are not likely to have cause of complaint. The wheat, I think, is past all danger, except that it is partially laid by the recent heavy rain. But it is likely to prove a good average crop as to produce, whilst a larger breadth of land than usual has been placed under it. The potato, I fear, is doomed for this year. The old disease is visible in all the early sown of every kind. The late sown potatoes have still a blooming, healthy appearance, but I apprehend that when they come to a certain age—that is, approach maturity, they too will be likely to be largely cut away. I hope I may prove a bad prophet, but the experience of past years confirms me in this opinion. If we are blessed with very fine weather, it may tend considerably to stop the progress of the disease, but if wet weather set in, I think we must calculate on the greater portion of the crop being destroyed.—*Kilkenny Moderator.*

The reports of the crops from every quarter are cheering. The wheat and oat crops promise an abundant yield, and are fast ripening for the sickle. The produce will be far over an average return. There are rumors relative to the early potato planting being slightly affected with the blight; but we believe that no injury of any moment has as yet taken place. The tubers have not at all been effected, although the stalks are blackened in inclosed and sheltered localities.—*Mayo Constitution.*

A gentleman connected with this journal, who has travelled through the counties of Kilkenny, Waterford, and Tipperary, within the past few days, reports most favorably of the condition of the crops. The hay has been all well saved. The wheat is fast acquiring the golden hue of maturity; oats are looking promising, and in all directions the potato crops appear sound and healthy. We regret having received the following communication from a Fethard correspondent, on whose veracity we can rely: "Sir—In perusing the columns of your journal of last Saturday, I observed that the scourge of our country—the potato blight—has once more visited our shore. It was stated that it had visited the counties of Waterford, Wexford, and Cork, but not the county of Tipperary, but I am sorry to add that it has visited this county severer than ever. I have seen this evening a field of Mr. M. Laffan's, Prospect, entirely lost, and I can learn it is his intention to cut them out at once for his cattle. P. G. N."—*Tipperary Free Press.*

We are sorry to find by the accounts from different parts of this county that the blight has most unmistakeably made its appearance to a much greater extent than at this period last year. Whole fields, which presented the most healthy appearance ten days ago, have not now a green stalk; and the peculiar miasma of the disease is everywhere present, particularly along the sea coast. At Callaferey, Miltown, Killorglin, Cromane, and to Rosbeigh, the potato fields everywhere present a wretched appearance, being (to the eye) a mass of weeds and blighted stalks. As yet, we believe the tubers are partially safe. The cereal crops present everywhere a most delightful and luxurious appearance.—*Tralee Chronicle.*

The crops are ripening rapidly, and though in some places the heavy crops of oats and barley were beaten down by the rain, they have recovered themselves. The potato blight does not seem to have increased within the week. This crop is looking rather better than it was a week since. Turnip, mangold wurzel, and carrots have been greatly benefitted by the rain, and the aftergrowth on meadows is coming up very luxuriantly. In everything promises an early and abundant harvest, and, except the potato, the crops are excellent.—*Waterford Mail.*

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT OF MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

It is our painful duty to record the death of the Very Rev. Laurence Renehan, President of the Catholic College of St. Patrick, Maynooth, which took place in the college. Nothing in the shape of public bereavement or affliction has occurred for a long period calculated to throw a deeper gloom and sadness over the hearts of both clergy and laity than the loss of this truly pious Priest, learned scholar, and illustrious Irishman, whose solid learning and exalted virtues have not confined their influence within the walls of his college, or within the shores of his native land, but have fructified far abroad in the Missionary success of the many who have studied under his auspices, and have been fitted by his teachings and example. Wherever there are to be found clergymen trained in the College of Maynooth—wherever there is a love of Scriptural and classic knowledge, combined with the virtues of piety and humility are prized and reverenced—there the name of Dr. Renehan has been long held in the most special veneration. The subjoined notice of the Very Rev. deceased's life has been forwarded to us by a Reverend gentleman who knew him well:

"The Very Rev. Laurence Renehan was the second son of Laurence Renehan, Esq., and of Catherine Borden, was born in 1[illegible] Longford Pass, parish of Gurtnahoe, county of Tipperary, and descended of a respectable family, well known in our Ecclesiastical annals. A full namesake, Laurence [illegible] (for so the name was then spelt), who suffered much for the Faith, died Vicar-General of Ossory in 1609. The subject of this notice, after receiving the best early education which his good parents could provide in his country village, removed to the city of Cashel, where he had the advantage of being instructed in the first classical school of the south of Ireland, and where he was distinguished for his love of virtue and knowledge. Being destined for the Church, his youth he applied himself to the Rev. Thomas Bray, Archbishop of Cashel, to be admitted a student of Maynooth. A little incident connected with his examination in September, 1819, showed how quickly the Superiors appreciated the ability of the young alumnus. Dr. [illegible] proposed to enter the logic class; how much pleased were the professors at his answering, that the then President, Dr. Crotty, congratulated him on his successful appearance, and warmly exhorted him not to neglect the rare talents with which God blessed him. Never was friendship more advice turned to better account. In one year he won the first honors, of

a rare distinction—where, as at Maynoth, competitors are many and well seted. After completing the usual course divinity he was elected a Dunboyne student in 1825, a few months later Junior an, and then ordained Priest the same ar. The onerous duties of Dean interfered much with the quiet and study which he ized through life above every blessing that determined to become a candidate for the st vacant professorship, and was appointed, public concursus, to the Scripture chair in 25. Few men had higher acquirements the place, and fewer still loved its duties ore. Well read in Hebrew, Syriac, and e cognate dialects, a profound Greek scholr, and speaking with ease the chief modern nguages, French, German, Italian, &c., he d, beside those higher qualities—for the sence or neglect of which nothing can comnsate in the Biblical student—sound judgent, varied and extensive reading, a tenaous memory, and, above all, humble reverce for the oracles of God, the opinions of thers, the teaching and institutions of the urch. When presented to the parish of shel (in 1831, we believe,) by the Most ev. Dr. Laffan, he respectfully declined the nor; and again, when elected vice-prelent (in 1834) he would not accept e appointment until commanded by his n Ecclesiastical superior to obey. No ore emphatic testimony to his merits could given by the Bishops of Ireland than eir entrusting to his care in 1845, at a ry critical period, the entire government the college. For the twelve years that r. Renehan has been President of Maynooth llege his character and services are too ell known to require special notice on this casion. He has left a great reputation learning, piety, and practical wisdom, d his death at this moment is regarded every Prelate and Priest in Ireland, and every member of the collegiate body, ho loved him as a father, as a national loss hich it will be difficult to repair. His erary labors are less generally known, beuse he never gave his name to the public. r the students' use he compiled—1st, a quiem Office Book, with a careful synop of decrees; 2nd, a Choir Manual of Saed Music; 3rd, a History of Music (in the ess, a copy of which is to be presented, acrding to his dying request, to each stunt of the college as a last token of his ve); 4th, he edited also Irish prayer-books d catechisms. The great design to which l his thoughts were directed was the Ecsiastical History of Ireland; and the most during memorial of his fame is the collecn of records for this purpose, entitled the Renehan MSS., comprising nearly one ndred volumes, folio 4to. Among these ill be found interesting private letters; ographical notices of distinguished Irishen, lay and clerical; decrees of provincial d diocesan synods; official communications ith the Holy See, many of them discovered foreign libraries and religious houses hich the lamented author visited, and hich it would be vain to seek elsewhere; short, ample and valuable materials for illstrating Irish Church history, particularly nce the Reformation, where most needed. ther precious documents are now depoted in their proper places in the pubc library of Maynooth College. May his ul now enjoy in the near presence of God hat happiness which he sought in life with lessed singleness of purpose, and hoped for nfidently in the midst of the agonies of ath."—*Dublin Freeman.*

PRINCE NAPOLEON IN IRELAND.

On Wednesday evening week, Prince Napoleon and suite arrived in Galway roads om the north, and anchored for the night its beautiful bay. On landing the following day he was received by the worthy high eriff, P. S. Comyn, Esq.; R. N. Somerville, sq., French consul at the port, and several ntlemen of the town. The Hawk, 60-gun ip, at present lying in the roads, fired a yal salute on the occasion, which aroused he inhabitants; and on the Prince passing hrough the streets he was loudly cheered. le visited several places of interest in the wn, and then left by the four P.M. train r Athlone *en route* for Killarney, where he tends spending a few days viewing the eautiful lakes.

Ballinasloe, Thursday Evening.—Prince Napoleon, accompanied by six aides-camp and his valet, arrived here by the x o'clock train from Galway, *en route* for arsonstown, where he purposes paying a isit to the Earl of Rosse. The intelligence pread through the town with an electric ffect, and in the course of 15 minutes not ss than 2,000 persons collected, and testied the most anxious desire to get a passing lance at the distinguished tourist, and tender him a hearty welcome. The Right Rev. r. Derry, had an audience with the Prince, hen their mutual greetings were most ordial and complimentary.

Nenagh.—Prince Napoleon passed through this town *en route* to Killarney. The illustrious party having made a short stay for refreshment and relays of horses, left for Limerick, where they arrived at half-past four in the evening.

Limerick.—On Friday afternoon, about five o'clock, Prince Napoleon arrived at Limerick. He landed at Foynes in the Reine Hortense, after a cruise round the northern and north-western coasts of Ireland, and travelled to Limerick in an open carriage, when he put up at Cruise's Hotel. In consequence of the Prince travelling *incognito*, there was no demonstration whatever on the part of the citizens except in the evening; when the news of his arrival became known a tar barrel was lighted opposite the hotel, which was kept burning to a late hour. His Highness shortly after arriving visited the Lace Factory, in Glentworth street, where he made some purchases.

Killarney.—The Prince Napoleon and suite arrived at Killarney at twelve o'clock on Sunday, and proceeded immediately to the Lake Hotel (Castlelough), where his Highness will remain during his visit to the lakes. After partaking of refreshment, the Prince took a rapid survey of the Lower Lake, from the Old Castle in front of the hotel, and proceeded immediately by Torc Waterfall, to the Mulgrave Barracks, on the new line, from which a bird's-eye view of three lakes is presented—visited the waterfall at Derricunnihy, and thence proceeded by boat through the Upper Lake, by the Eagle's Nest and Long Range, through the Old Weir Bridge to Dinis Island, where fresh horses awaited him. His Highness next proceeded through the Peninsula of Mucross, where he embarked again and visited Innisfallen and Ross Castle; and, taking boat again at Lord Kenmare's private quay on the island, returned at seven o'clock to the Lake Hotel.

Cork.—At half-past eleven o'clock on Monday, his Highness, whose departure from Killarney had been telegraphed some time before, arrived at the Cork terminus of the Great Southern and Western Railway, where suitable arrangements had been made by Mr. O'Sullivan, the efficient station master. Considerable anxiety was evinced to get a view of the Prince, owing to his well-known resemblance to the great founder of the Napoleon dynasty. Mr. Hardy, Chairman of the passage Railway Company, and Mr. Oliffe, Secretary, tendered for his Highness's acceptance the use of one of the railway steamers to convey him to Queenstown, an offer which was accepted.—*Nation.*

THE SON OF MARSHAL NEY.

The death of the Prince de la Moskowa, which has taken place at St. Germain, had been anticipated for many months past by the faculty. The deceased had been visited latterly by as uccession of apoplectic fits, which rendered his recovery hopeless. Napoleon Ney, son of the great Marshal, was born in 1803, and had entered the army as a matter of course. He attained the rank of general of brigade and then left active service.

The prince was in his youth an ardent supporter of the turf, and was one of the fourteen founders of the French Jockey Club; he likewise distinguished himself as a gentleman rider. He was a first-rate musician, and exerted himself at one period to introduce a taste for classical music in France. With that view, he organized concerts, to which the finest voices of Parisian society contributed. These aristocratic concerts attracted at the time immense interest. As a composer, the Prince was less successful; his opera, entitled "Regina," proved a dead failure. He likewise contributed some papers on Cowes and yatching to the "Revue des Deux Mondes," but they were not very remarkable.

The Prince married the great heiress of France, the daughter of Jacques Laffitte, but the union was an unhappy one, and led to repeated lawsuits and demands for a separation. The political career of the Prince was peculiar. He was appointed peer of France in 1831, by Louis Philippe, and at once joined the Opposition ranks. He delivered a famous speech in defence of the memory of his father. In 1848 the Prince became a violent Red Republican, and he formed one of the principal members of a German democratic club, of which Herwegh, the Communist, was the leader. This club sent forth a column of Republicans on a revolutionary excursion into Baden, and the Prince distinguished himself by addressing an encouraging speech to the column before its departure. On the re-establishment of the empire he became a warm Imperialist, and was named a senator.

A drunken man lay down on the Newport, Abergavenny, and Hereford Railway so near the rails that an engine cut off some of his hair.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Convent of the Sacred Heart, Armagh.—A branch of the community of the Sacred Heart has been for some time located in Armagh, where the good that the pious sisterhood is capable of effecting has been so widely felt that they have been induced to make an effort to extend their usefulness. The building which they at present occupy being merely a private dwelling is of too limited extent to permit their efforts to be so beneficial as they might be in a building of more suitable dimensions. They have succeeded in securing a large tract of ground in a beautiful and healthy locality in the immediate suburbs of Armagh, situated on a lofty knoll, and adjoining the hill on which stands the new cathedral. On this desirable site a building of extensive proportions is in rapid progress. The first stone was laid last autumn by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, accompanied by a procession of the clergy of the adjoining parishes. The building now in progress of erection will be 130 feet in length, over 50 feet in depth, and four lofty stories in height. This edifice, when completed, bids fair to exceed any other conventual establishment in this country in extent of suitable accommodation. The amount of the contract for the present portion is over 6,000.

Ordination at the Convent of Mercy.—The following gentlemen having fully completed their collegiate courses and received the preliminary orders were ordained in the Convent of Mercy by the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan: Rev. Michael Cregan, brother of the respected and esteemed Rev. Denis Cregan, of Adare; Rev. Mr. Quaid, nephew of the Rev. Mr. Quaid, O'Callaghan's Mills; and Rev. Mortimer Collins, P. P., Shanagolden. Many of the clergymen of the city officiated on the solemn and interesting occasion, and among the rev. friends of the young priests who were present, we observed Rev. Mr. Quaid, P. P., Rev. Mr. O'Shaughnessy, R. C. C., O'Callaghan's Mills, and Rev. Mr. Cregan, Adare. Several most respectable friends of the latter gentleman from Newcastle, and of the other reverend gentlemen from various portions of the two dioceses, were present.—*Munster News.*

The Diocese of Kerry.—The religious and spirited parishioners of Lixnaw, in the diocese of Kerry, have contributed £120 for the completion and adornment of their church, for which the estimable and zealous curate, the Rev. Mr. Brosnan, effected many tasteful and elegant purchases lately in Limerick.

Dr. Fenelly, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Madras, has, at the request of Dr. Lloyd, the secretary of the committee of the proposed Neilgherry Asylum, given his opinion on the rules for the new institution, pointing out the alterations which he considers necessary to render the asylum available to Roman Catholics. The bishop's letter has been styled by the *Madras Spectator* "a most fair and temperate exposition of the views of the Roman Catholic Church, and what is requisite to enable Protestants and Roman Catholics to work cordially and steadfastly together without sacrifice of principle, or violence to conscience on the one hand or the other." It remains to be seen whether the committee of the institution will assent to the bishop's suggestion being carried out.

On Sunday, the 12th of July, at Belmullet, John Leneghan, late of Ballina, was received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. Patrick Malone, P.P. Also on Sunday, the 19th, at the same place, Miss Maria Crampton, Miss Celia Crampton, Miss Jane Crampton, and Miss Matilda Crampton, of Belmullet, abjured the errors of Protestantism, and were received into the Catholic Church by the hands of the same clergyman.—*Tablet.*

The Very Rev. Dr. Burke, P.P., V.G., the esteemed rector of SS. Peter and Paul's, Clonmel, has again signalized his zeal in the cause of education, by expending the large sum of £600 in extending the schools of the Sisters of Charity, in Morton street.—*Limerick Observer.*

The Very Rev. Thomas MacHale, D.D., of the Irish College, Paris, has arrived on a visit to his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam. The Very Rev. gentleman is, we are very happy to learn, in the enjoyment of excellent health.—*Tuam Herald.*

In the Roman correspondence of the *Ami de la Religion*, we find it stated that the Holy Father visited Florence, on the 15th August, and there celebrated the Festival of the Assumption.

His Holiness the Pope has been pleased to appoint the Rev. Thomas M. M'Donnell, of Shortwood, Somerset, to be a Canon of the cathedral church of Clifton.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Galway held confirmation in the parish of Spiddal lately. A large number was confirmed on the occasion.

The Rev. Father Coffin commenced a retreat for the Clergy of the diocese at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, on Monday, 28th July.

Preparations are being made for building a new chapel at Hayton, a village within five miles of Liverpool, and the residence of a large number of Catholics, principally of the operative class.

Domestic.

Dedication of the New Catholic Church of Lebanon Springs.—The new Catholic Church of Lebanon Springs was dedicated to the Lady of Lebanon on the 9th inst. The new edifice seemed to rise gracefully in the midst of the boughs with which it was surrounded. The altar was decorated with taste and art. It is the gift of the excellent family Gilbert, who also furnished it with a rich carpet. The church is a neat frame building, romantically situated at the foot of the mountain, and commanding a magnificent view of the valley of Lebanon. It is soon to be painted white and ornamented with a Gothic gilt cross. There was a large congregation of Catholics and others present. Lebanon is now the rendezvous of a select society. There is not, perhaps, a more beautiful spot on earth; not even Switzerland itself presents more romantic sceneries, varied landscapes, majestic hills, and vallies more pleasing to the eye as they expand themselves to the view.

Reception.—On Thursday afternoon (the 6th inst.) one of those beautiful ceremonies so peculiar to the Sisters of Mercy, took place in their Convent Chapel of this city. The occasion was the reception of the accomplished Miss Frances Sumner as a member of the order, under the religious name of Sister Mary Ignatius. The Rev. Father Hickey presided, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. McColgan and Courtenay, and the Rev. E. J. Sourin, S.J., preached an eloquent and impressive sermon.—*Baltimore Cath. Mirror.*

Signing the Pledge.—About one thousand Catholics in Bangor, Me., have recently taken the total abstinence pledge in response to the urgent appeals of Father Bapst, pastor of the church in that city.

Letters have been received announcing the arrival of Bishop Whelan in Paris, renewed in health. He next goes to England, and thence in October to Rome.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

July 21, at St. Peter's Church, Dublin, John Cane, son of Andrew Crawford, Esq., of Lower Leeson street, to Eliza, daughter of the late Henry Prendergast Garde, Esq., of Garryduffe, county Waterford.

July 22, at Peter's Church, Thomas Ally, Esq., Artane House, county Dublin, to Ruth De Lapere, second daughter of Thomas S. D. Robinson, Esq., Riversdale, county Tipperary.

July 25, in St. Thomas's Church, William, son of the late Hunt W. Chambre, of Hawthorn Hill, county Armagh, to Fanny Diana, daughter of the late Joseph Booth, Esq., of Daron Castle, county Louth.

July 28, at St. Thomas's Church, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Ardfert, father of the bridegroom, the Rev. Arthur Irwin, A.M., of "The Retreat," Mallow, to Augusta Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Wm. Murray, Esq., of Lower Gardiner street.

July 23, at the Friends' Meeting-house, Eustace street, Dublin, Thomas Pim, of Greenbank, Monkstown, to Susanna, eldest daughter of John Evans, M.D.

July 26, at Finglas, by the Rev. Mr, O'Sullivan, Mr. Patrick Lowe, to Agnes, eldest daughter of Mr. Patrick Thomson, of Finglas.

July 21, at Fermoy, Henry R. C. Godley, Esq., late of Oatlands, county Dublin, to Francis Eliza Deane Freeman, daughter of the Rev. Richard Deane Freeman, of Clifton, near Fermoy.

July 22, at Macosquin, the Rev. William Irwin, of Bandon, county Cork, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the Rev. C. Huston, of Macosquin.

July 22, in Belfast, Robert, youngest son of James Clark, Esq., of Paisley, to Ellen Elizabeth, youngest daughter of R. Corry, Esq., of Belfast.

July 23, at Six-mile-bridge, Marcus Going, Esq., M.D., to Charlotte, second daughter of Francis Morice, Esq., of Springfield, county Clare.

July 23, at Athnowen, county Cork, James Morton, Esq., of Apsley, to Mary, daughter of the late James Hanning, Esq., of Kilcrone.

July 25, at Magheralin, the Rev. Walter Johnston, county Monaghan, to Fanny Palmer, daughter of the Rev. H. Murphy, Rector of Magheralin.

July 29, at Newtown Church, by the Rev. William Tracey, P.P., Patrick, son of the late Lawrence Colgan, Esq., Clonsast, county Kildare, to Letitia Catherine, daughter of John P. Cleary, Esq., Claremont, county Kildare.

July 27, in the Roman Catholic Church, Cootehill, by the Rev. Mr. O'Reilly, C.C., Mr. Thomas Markey, woollen draper, Cootehill, to Ann, daughter of Mr. Owen O'Rielly, Killeloguila.

DEATHS.

July 20, at 34 Upper Liffey street, Dublin, after a protracted illness, Mr. Robert Blake, aged 68.

July 12, at her residence, 4 Lower Buckingham st., after a few days' illness, Anne Macartney, aged 46 years.

July 24, at the house of his sister, Mrs. Steele, 2 Dawson street, aged 59 years, Mr. Charles Kathrines.

July 24, Mr. John Brierly, of Kingscourt House, Clontarf, in the 68th year of his age.

June 29, at 59 Leinster-road, Rathmines, Dr. G. T. Hayden, after a protracted illness.

July 26, at Kingstown, William Greene, Esq., eldest son of the late John Greene, Esq., of Kilrisk, county Dublin.

July 27, at Richmond, Monkstown, Mrs. Pim, aged 76 years.

July 19, at Bunnahow, county Clare, Mrs. Butler, wife of William Butler, Esq.

July 24, at Kilglass glebe, Catherine Sarah, eldest daughter of the late Rev. John Armstrong, vicar of Kiltoom and Camma, county Roscommon.

July 22, at Dromalour, Kanturk, county Cork, Jane, wife of Robert Bolster, Esq.

In Londonderry, Croker Miller, Esq., formerly Captain in the 17th regiment.

July 27, at the residence of her son, Farnham street, Cavan, Mary, widow of William John Hancock, Esq., Assistant Poor Law Commissioner, aged 61 years.

At Ballinakill, after a short illness, aged 72 years, Mrs. Dunne, mother of the Very Rev. Dr. Dunne, President of Carlow College.

July 17, at Newcastle-under-Lyne, William C. M'Kenna, Esq., son of William M'Kenna, V.S., of Newry.

July 20, at Islington, Samuel Cole Safford, of Drumate, county of Monaghan, second son of Samuel Safford, Esq., formerly of Mettingham Castle, Suffolk.

April 18, at Vellore, of cholera, Captain Henry Hughes, 18th Madras Native Infantry, son of the late James Hughes, Esq., of Upper Rutland street, Dublin

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

TRAGEDY IN THE HIGHLANDS.—On the 9th of July, the island of Benbecula was the scene of one of the most frightful incidents which ever occurred in that quarter. It appears that last spring a young man, residing with his father and mother in Benbecula, showed some symptoms of insanity, but, as these seemed to wear off, no steps were taken to confine him, the young man going about as usual, and apparently quite harmless. Fatal mistake! On the day above mentioned the young man went to the house of his aunt, who resided not far from his parents, and coolly murdered the poor woman by cutting her throat. He then came back to his father's house and murdered his own mother in the same manner! Lamentable to relate, the dreadful tragedy did not stop here. The youth's father was employed in the immediate neighborhood amongst his potatoes, totally unconscious of what was going on; and being called upon by his son to come to him—no sooner was the old man within his reach than he set upon him, and, cutting his father's throat, also smashed his head in the most frightful manner. Thereafter the maniac concealed the body under a bed, and immediately took to the hills, as if conscious of the work he had been engaged in. During the night the madman appears to have gone to the mill of the district, and setting it agoing, the mill took fire with the friction. Little damage, however, was done, as the fire was observed and speedily extinguished by some people who had gathered from the neighborhood. On the appalling facts becoming known they were immediately reported to the authorities at Lochmaddy, who at once proceeded to the island, and succeeded in securing the murderer, who was brought over and safely lodged in the Loughmaddy prison. He is about twenty-four years of age, and is said to be a strong and powerful fellow. We have not ascertained his name.—*Inverness Advertiser.*

THE RUSSIAN MILLENIUM.—In five years from the present date, Russia will have attained the age of one thousand years, an event to be celebrated by the erection of a monument, for which a subscription has just been set on foot. The monument is to be built in the city of Novgorod, and voluntary contributions in aid of its erection will be received by government officials throughout the empire until 1862. Previous to the year 862 the territory which now constitutes Russia in Europe was occupied for the most part by nomadic tribes, principally of Tartar origin. Through their intercourse with the Roman and Byzantine empires, some of these tribes acquired a certain degree of civilization. The Sclaves, who made the most rapid advances towards civilized life, built the towns of Novgorod and Kiew. They were, however, for a long time subject to the depredations of neighboring tribes, and hence it happened that in 862 they placed themselves under the protection of three western chiefs—Rurik, Sineus and Truror—who came with a host of their countrymen to Novgorod and established three principalities. These people have generally been designated as Northmen, though on this point a difference of opinion exists among historians, some asserting that they were Germans, and others that they were Scandinavians or Normans. On the death of his brothers, Rurik reigned alone, and fused his countrymen and the now subjugated Sclaves into one people, whom he called Russian. Thus Novgorod was in 862 the nucleus of that great empire which may yet, before the year 1862 comes round, attain the end it has so long aimed at—the possession of Constantinople.

THE VEILED PICTURE.—A story is told of two artist lovers, both of whom sought the hand of a painter's daughter. And the question which of the two should possess himself of the prize so earnestly coveted by both, having come to the father, he promised to give his child to the one that could paint the best. So each strove for the maiden with the highest skill his genius could command. One painted the picture of fruit, and displayed it for the father's inspection in a beautiful grove, where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage, and all nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bounty. Presently the birds came down to the canvass of the young painter, and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy of the artist's skill, the father declared that no one could triumph over that. Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture, and it was veiled. "Take the veil from your painting," said the old man. "I leave that to you," said the artist with simplicity. The father of the young and lovely maiden approaced the veiled picture and attempted to uncover it. But imagine his astonishment when, as he attempted to take off the veil, he found the veil itself to be the picture. We need not say who was the lucky lover, for if the artist who deceived the birds in painting fruit, manifested great power of art, he who could so veil his canvass with the pencil as to deceive a skilful master was surely the greatest artist.

CONVENT IN MELBOURNE. — Those heroines of charity, the Sisters of Mercy, are among us at last; and scacrely have they set their foot in Victoria ere there appears in the public journals an announcement of their intention to establish within the convent walls a system of superior education for the benefit of the female youth. At present there are but three Sisters in Nicholas street; but as soon as others shall have arrived they will, I understand, seek to do good in other spheres of usefulness besides that of education, and take the destitute sick, the homeless females, and the deserted orphan under their care.—*Melbourne Paper.*

THE IONIAN ASSEMBLY.—Since the arrival of the recent news from India, the leaders of the Greek party in Corfu flatter themselves that the power of England is at an end, and that the time has come when they may strike a deadly blow at her. On the 2d July Signor Bandolo rose and stated that a petition was in circulation, the prayer of which was to make Corfu an English colony. It is now admitted that this was simply an invention, for the purpose of affording a pretext for the interruption of the public business. No sooner had Signor Bandolo told this wonderful story than the President of the assembly rose to express his indignation at the idea of merging the nationality of the Hellenic race. The result of the proceedings which ensued was wound up by Signor Lombard asking: "Who dares to say now that the foreigner can find any support in their islands? With enthusiasm and unanimity we have voted the national resurrection henceforward; therefore it is only by force that the present political system can be kept up." The report of the day's sitting was ordered to be reported, and 100 copies were sent off by the first post to the other islands, Greece, and the whole of the Levant. The plain English of this is, that the Ionian Assembly has issued a manifesto to the whole of the Levant, calling on the Greeks to assist in the annexation of the Ionian Islands to the kingdom of Greece.

A LAPLAND CHURCH. — The building was large, and provided with galleries; nearly every seat was occupied. A motley assemblage was there. Norwegian bonders, in their grey wadmal suits, sat on the south side of the church, on the north their wives and daughters, with the never-absent black silk cap, fastened under the chin, woollen dresses, fitting closely up to the throat, and a kerchief of some bright silk, passed twice round the neck, and tied in a large knot behind the ears. Such are the spring, summer, autumn and winter fashions of the people. Lower down the aisle, and up in the galleries, were the diminutive Laps, dressed in their summer suit. From their leathern belts depended large knives. Fin women, too, were not wanting, conspicuous by their caps like truncated cones, adorned with gold and silver lace and bright colored ribands. These tiny people contrasted strangely with the bulkier Norwegians. Here were the blue eyes and fair hair of the descendants of the Vikings, with countenances solemn and sedate. There the gleaming, deep-set orbs, high cheek bones, elf locks, and scanty beards of the inferior race. Some of these intently watched the service with a look of mingled curiosity and fanaticism; while others stared around so wildly and fiercely, that one might fancy they would draw their long knives, and set up a wild war-whoop. —*The Oxonian in Norway.*

ESCAPE FROM A PRISON IN BOHEMIA.—The *Augsburg Gazette* announces that three political offenders, Dr. Schutte and two military officers, not included in the recent amnesty of the Emperor of Austria, effected their escape from the fortress of Josephstadt in Bohemia. They had, for some time, made a practice of lying in bed to a very late hour, and as they appeared to be asleep, the turnkeys abstained from disturbing them. One morning a turnkey having something to say to Schutte, went to awaken him, but was surprised to find that the bolster dressed up occupied his place in the bed, and on examining the beds of the other two prisoners, he found them similarly occupied. It was ascertained that the three prisoners had escaped by the chimney; that in a granary at the top of the building they had found a rope ladder placed there by some one connected with the fortress whom they had gained over. They went straight to a place called Neustadt, about eight miles off, where they breakfasted; after which they passed into Prussia, and have not since been heard of. Dr. Schutte left on his table a letter for the commander of the fortress, thanking him for his kindness during his confinement. Schutte was under sentence of twenty years' imprisonment for having taken part in the insurrection of Vienna in 1848.

THE FACULTY OF FEIGNING DEATH.—There are cases on record of persons who could fall into a trance at will. But the most celebrated instance is that of Colonel Townshend mentioned in the surgical works of Gooch. He had long attended him, for he was an habitual invalid; and he had often invited him to witness the phenomenon of his dying and coming to life again, but he had hitherto refused, from fear of the consequences to himself. Accordingly, in his presence, Colonel Townshend laid himself down on his back. After a few seconds, pulse, breathing, and the action of the heart were no longer to be observed. When the death trance had lasted half an hour, the doctor began to fear that his patient had pushed the experiment too far, and was dead in earnest; and he was preparing to leave the house, when a slight movement of the body attracted his attention. He renewed the routine of observation, when the pulse and sensible motion of the heart gradually returned and breathing and consciousness. The sequel of the tale is strange—Col. Townshend, on recovering, sent for his attorney, made his will, and died, for good and all, six hours afterwards.

A FITTING REBUKE.—Having in my youth notions of severe piety, says a celebrated Persian writer, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray and read the Koran. One night as I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading. "Behold," said I to him, "thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone wake to praise God." "Son of my soul," he answered, "it is better to sleep than wake to remark the faults of thy brethren."

THE CITY OF CANTON.—This famous port is divided into two towns, the Chinese and the Tartar, which are separated by walls. Round the whole there is also a wall sixty feet in height, and overgrown with grass, creepers, and bushes. Within it lies Canton, a chaos of small houses interspersed with trees, but showing neither fine streets nor squares, nor any architectural object worth note. The town is nine English miles in circumference, the house population is about 400,000, the boat population about 60,000, and the population of the environs about 200,000. The Europeans number 200 or 300. As in Turkish towns, each business has its separate street. There is a street for glass, another for silks, another for doctors, a fourth for provisions, and so on. Between the houses stand small temples of the same style as the other buildings. The shops are opened daily by taking out the front side of the house as far as the ground story. The wares are then strewn about in boxes made with the compartments, or they are spread upon tables, behind which their owners sit and work. Provisions, especially, are laid with great elegance. A narrow staircase leads to the upper part of the house, which forms the dwelling of the merchant and his family.

ANECDOTE OF HIS HOLINESS PIUS IX.—One day, as he was passing privately into one of the distant streets of Transteverini, a considerable crowd was assembled round an old man stretched upon the ground, and beating his head against the pavement in strong convulsions. "It is a Jew, it is a Jew!" cried the people; and restrained by the ungrateful name, not one afforded the poor man the least assistance. "*He is a man!*" cried the Pope, descending from his carriage, and pressing through the crowd, "it is a suffering creature, who must be succored; and raising the poor Jew in his arms he placed him in his carriage and conducted him to his home where he remained with him until his senses returned. The same day the Pope sent his physician, and the following day one of his secret Chamberlains to make inquiries concerning him.

A FAITHFUL SENTRY.—In the early part of the month of June a conflagration broke out in the hamlet of Bardosk, in Russia, and consumed 192 houses, among which was a house occupied by the Invalids Company, in garrison there. Before this house a sentry was posted, whom in the hurry and confusion incidental to the fire, nobody thought of relieving. The private who was here on guard, of the name of Pankoy, remained at his post, though the house was burned down, and then his sentry-box; and it was not till after his own cloak had caught fire that help came in the shape of a non-commissioned officer, who relieved him. The Emperor has promoted the private to be a non-commissioned officer, presenting him with fifty roubles, and had his name and his firmness immortalized in general orders.

A MAN OF STRAW.—Segrais, who wrote in the seventeenth century, relates a singular anecdote of an advocate who, poor and proud, was anxious to preserve an appearance equal to his neighbors. Mons. l'Avocat procured a carriage and a couple of horses—fitter for the hounds than the road; yet found himself still at a loss for a footman. To make up the deficiency, he had an effigy of straw dressed in livery, and stuck up behind his equipage. A few days afterwards, in a procession, the horses of the following carriage, attracted by the smell of their food, ate one of the legs of the "dummy" footman, when a wag passing by exclaimed, "Take care, coachman, it will be your turn next."

CRINOLINE REPUDIATED.—The wife of the Governor of Tiflis, the chief in Georgia, has notified to the ladies of the nobility and gentry that none will be admitted to her parties who encase their persons in those preposterous incumbrances, for which the pretty Empress Eugenie is responsible.

The Monastic Orders are rapidly spreading in Prussia. The diocese of Munster has now some convents of all those religious orders which existed there in the eighteenth century re-established. A correspondent of the *German General Gazette* writes from Posen that the Archbishop re-introduced the Dominican order, and that almost the whole education of the female sex is placed in the hands of nuns. The Polish noblemen in particular, who, very different from former times, are out-and-out ultramontane, send their daughters to the *Dames du Sacre Cœur* for education. Recently a daughter of General Chlapowski, who won a high military distinction under Napoleon, entered in the presence of her father and her brothers. The Jesuits maintain their reputation as the vanguard of the Church. They are indefatigable in holding popular missions, which last one or several weeks, and often assemble audiences of 20,000 hearers.

By the last accounts received from Sebastopol the rebuilding of that city was going on with great activity. The fortifications on the south side have undergone a thorough repair, and will soon be as formidable as ever. The materials they are composed of are of such immense strength that they were only partially injured; the granite walls remained also intact, and, after the rubbish was cleared away, it was found it would take much less time and trouble to repair them than was anticipated.

Rachel, the tragedienne, is paying the sad penalty of her follies. Like an unnatural, attenuated spectre, she crawls slowly about her rooms; her face, which once enraptured audiences, streaked with the dark lines of despair, and her voice, upon which thousands hung in admiration, sounding cracked and husky, like that of an old woman.

A curious story has reached us from Aragon. It is said that the alcalde (mayor) of a village had a sum of money in his house, and having occasion to absent himself for a day, he enjoined the strictest vigilance upon his *adjoint*, in order that the money might not be stolen. He then departed, but happening to meet upon the road some civil guards or gendarmes, he desired them to go to his house, and remain there until his return. About one in the morning three men forced their way into the house, and by their menaces compelled the alcalde's wife to give up the money, but before they could take possession of it they were shot down by the gendarmes. On removing the masks that covered their faces, they were found to be the alcalde himself, the secretary of the corpotion, and an alderman.

A letter quoted by *Gallignani's Messenger*, says that on the morning of June 28, a young Frenchman set out to ascend Mont Blanc, and in the afternoon of the 29th, succeeded in reaching the summit of the mountain; he afterwards descended in safety. Both the ascent and descent were difficult, owing to the quantity of snow on the mountain, and to the blowing of a high wind. This ascent is the first ever made in the month of June; the earliest on record hitherto having been the 8th of July.

In France, about 34,000,000 pounds of sulphur has been distributed among the vine growers, and has been employed by them apparently with complete success, in checking the vine disease. Within a period of many years the grape crop has not been so promising. So well satisfied has the government become with the success of the treatment, that it has awarded the prize of 10,000 francs to the discoverer and introducer of the remedy.

The *Courier des Etats Unis* relates the following for a fact: "There are living at present in the Isle of Jersey, two industrious people residing on the same street, and opposite each other, one being named Abel, a baker by profession, and the other named Cain, a dealer in spices. Very recently, Abel married the sister of Cain, and the union was consummated and legalized by a Mr. Adam, an engineer and magistrate."

A shopkeeper of Vienna lately put up in his window a notice, declaring that "the proprietor of the establishment wished to enter into the marriage state with a well conducted young woman or widow." Since then, some of the local journals state, it is quite inconceivable what a number of women of every age enter the shop to make purchases, but the would-be Benedict has not yet made his choice.

The Sultan of Turkey has ordered Froment Meurice to make him a splendid mirror set in diamonds; it will cost above $100,000, and is destined to the favorite of the harem—a beauty who not only exhausts the immense allowance given by her lord, but manages to run up bills in Constantinople to the amount of half a million of dollars yearly.

Bishop Horne had his dignity somewhat taken down when he took possession of the Episcopal palace at Norwich, in 1791. He turned round upon the steps, and exclaimed, "Bless us, bless us! what a multitude of people!" "O my Lord," said a bystander, "this is nothing to the crowd on Friday last, to see a man hanged!"

When the Earl of Dalhousie was commander-in-chief in India he visited the King of Oude at Lucknow, and made a point of introducing Lady Dalhousie, which the king did not understand at all, and fancied the laird wanted to sell her. After a short time he said to his attendants, "That will do—take her away!"

A curious circumstance is related in a Polish newspaper: Seven houses, near Sandomir, in Poland, sank a few days ago slowly into the earth, until only the roofs remained above ground! The occupiers had time to escape. The cause of this downward movement is not stated.

A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a star-light night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked what she was thinking, replied: "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right be?"

The Shah of Persia has conferred the honor of the Order of the Lion and Sun, with the title of Khan, upon Captain H. B. Lynch, C. B., in token of his regard for the manner in which Captain Lynch brought about the treaty of peace between England and Persia.

The London *Literary Journal* says: "There are men now going about with crape on their hats, saying 'Poor Jerrold, how we miss him!' who were never in his company twice in their lives, and who never got anything from him but merited sarcasm for their folly."

The ruins of an ancient city have been recently discovered in Greece. Human skeletons were found in it, and specimens of the highest Grecian art, such as sculpture, etruscan vases, glass vessels, carved ivory, coins, and trinkets.

All Lombardy is in consternation about the silkworm disease, which is destroying the richest and most plentiful crop in that province. There are many proprietors who will not get silk enough to pay half the cost of cultivation.

The "Chateau de la Source du Loiret," where Bolingbroke resided during his disgrace, and where Voltaire read to the great statesman the manuscript of his "Henriade," is now for sale.

A great number of antiquities have been discovered at Carthage. As many as twenty-seven cases of mosaics and other interesting relics are now on the way to England.

HOME MISCELLANY.

An Indian Adventure.—The following incident was narrated to Lieut. Beckwith, of the Pacific Railroad Expedition party, by a Delaware Indian guide, as they were traversing a mountain pass which was marked by numerous gullies and ravines: "He was traversing this pass at midnight, accompanied by his squaw only, both mounted upon the same horse, and the night so dark that he could neither see the outlines of the hills nor the ground at his horse's feet, when he heard a sound (which he imitated), so slight as to be scarcely perceptible to an Indian's ear, of an arrow carried in the hand, striking once only with a slight tick, against a bow. Stopping, he could hear nothing, but instantly dismounted—his squaw leaning down upon the horse, that she might by no possibility be seen—and placed his ear to the ground, when he heard the same sound repeated, but a few feet distant, and was therefore satisfied that however imminent the danger, he had not yet been seen or heard, for no Indian would make such a noise at night in approaching his foe; he therefore instantly arose and took his horse by the bridle close to his mouth, to lessen the chances of his moving or whinnying, and one hundred and seventy of his deadliest enemies, the Sioux, on a war party, filed past him within arm's reach, while he remained unobserved."

Devastation by a Water Spout.—The Quebec *Journal* contains a thrilling description of the progress of a water spout which devastated the parish of St. Eleazer, on the 18th ult., in Beauce County. The first warning the people had was a noise, like that of the sea in a storm, proceeding from a large and dark cloud overhanging the place. Soon the cloud seemed to burst, letting fall towards the earth a long train, somewhat in the shape of a funnel, with the small end turned downwards. When the small end reached the ground, it lifted and carried away in its revolving impetus whatever it came in contact with. Boards, timber, stones and portions of houses were whirled in the air and thrown to a distance with fearful report. Several houses were thus razed to the ground. One horse and three cows were drawn by the power of suction to the water spout, and after being raised high in the air were let gradually down; they escaped uninjured and were only covered with mud. Five carts were carried to a great height and thrown across some fields into the woods, being smashed by the fall. Large trees, such as maples, were uprooted and removed a distance of five acres. This phenomenon, although disastrous and awful, must, however, have been a sublime sight.

A Precocious Youth.—Some time during the last year, a young sprig of the law was admitted to the Suffolk bar. His father, a prudent old codger, gave him a hundred dollars to purchase a library of books, and told him that was all he could do for him at that time, but by industry, prudence and immediate enforcement of payment of all sums that might be his, he had no doubt that he would get along. A few days after, the old man dropped into John's office and borrowed fifteen dollars of the money he had given him, promising to pay it by twelve o'clock the next day. "All right, dad," said John, "give me your memorandum." The next day at twelve, pa did not appear, and John immediately served a writ upon him, and put a keeper in his house just as the old man was sitting down to dinner. That is what we call an instance of sharp practice.—*Boston Traveller.*

The English and American Boundary Line of the Northwest Coast.—The joint commission appointed by the United States and Great Britain to run or mark the boundary line of the northwest coast, as settled by the Ashburton Treaty, has proceeded to the discharge of that duty. The line of forty-nine, which was fixed upon as a compromise, does not extend to the Pacific, by which extension it would embrace a large part of Vancover's Island, but makes a detour southerly through the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and through the Straits of Fuca to the Pacific ocean. The Straits are indicated by natural advantages as the site for a great commercial city and place of naval preparation, at no very distant day.

Russians Prospecting in the Northwest.—In the Sioux City *Eagle* of the 25th ult., we find the following notice of distinguished visitors to that part of the Northwest. It says: "We have been favored with the presence of some distinguished strangers in our city within the past few days—one of them being a Captain of the Imperial Guards, and the other a noted Professor of St. Petersburgh. They were sent out by the Emperor of Russia on a scientific commission. After spending two years in the United States, and traversing portions of Europe, they will return to Russia to report the result of their observations. We understand that they speak in glowing terms of the broad prairies traversed by them in an overland journey to the city from St. Paul."

Brave Men.—Two men, named Dickinson and Holton, of Northfield, Mass., returning from Greenfield in a buggy recently, were robbed, while passing through the woods, by a man in a red shirt, with a handkerchief over his face, who seized their horse by the head, and levelling a pistol at them, demanded their money or their lives, and they tremblingly gave up the former. They were then allowed to depart in peace, with the injunction that if they looked around they would surely die! One of the chicken-hearted fellows lost forty dollars and the other eighty-seven cents.

Indian Troubles.—Col. Noble, the constructing superintendent of the Wagon Road to the South Pass, was in St. Paul lately. The expedition is for the present suspended, the encampment west of the Big Sioux having been broken up on the 18th ult., on account of the violent opposition offered by the Yankton Sioux Indians to the further progress of the party. The objection raised by the Yanktons to Col. Noble's choosing their country was that they would frighten away the buffaloes, their sole means of subsistence. Col. Noble, before leaving the Indians, appointed the 20th of August to hold council to treat for the right of way across the country.

The "Bear-Headed" Negro Boy.—A sharp fellow, and doubtless a punster on phraseology, was very busy in Oglethorp Ward in exhibiting what he told the crowd was a "bear-headed negro boy" at five cents each for admission to see the show, one at the time only being admitted, and it wass pecified that it was peculiarly a show for the colored population. The colored folks did go in and were taken in, as inside they saw a young darkey with his head shaved as bare as you could well imagine. Some of those thus caught could not well bear the notion of such a bare-faced joke, and cleared off to avoid being laughed at, saying "dat boy was bare-headed sure nuff!"—*Savannah Georgian.*

Bird Duel.—Passing in the vicinity of the garden of the Hon. J. M. Wood, recently, our attention was called to a battle going on or rather about ended, between two birds, of the species known as the red eyed viero. Presently one of them flew up into a tree, leaving the other lying motionless on the ground. We got over the fence and picked up the conquered bird, and found that his neck was broken. We have known of several battles between other species of birds, but had looked upon the viero as of rather an unoffensive disposition.—*Portland Advertiser.*

Shocking Affair.—In Charkson, N. Y., a a Mrs. Marshall, who has been for some time deranged, was left alone with her children, when she attempted to kill three of them, by pouring hot water into their ears. One of them a boy seven years old, broke away from his mother, and made good his escape. The youngest child, only three months old, could make no defence. The age and sex of the other child was not stated in the report. After this shocking attempt, she hung herself, and when discovered was entirely dead.

An Old Newspaper.—We have before us a *fac simile* of the Ulster County *Gazette*, dated Kingston, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1800, and published by Samuel Freer & Co. Its Washington dates were Dec. 19, and its London intelligence Oct. 20. The paper is clothed in mourning for the death of Washington, and contains the Congressional proceedings on that sad event. It is a very happy idea to have reproduced so interesting a memorial of the past, and everybody should endeavor to possess a copy.—*Daily Pennsylvanian.*

Marriage Extraordinary.—In the last news from California is the following announcement of an extraordinary name, if not lady: "On Saturday, the — day of May, inst., at the residence of His Excellency, Stock Whitley, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of all the hostiles east of the mountains, by Rt. Rev. Father Bussassi, Gen. Victor Trevitt, to her ladyship, Hon. Eugenie Isabella Victoria Clementina Kangaroolia Antelopia Vonstoeckershinderspiderater, Cousin German to Stock Whitley, Esq., aforesaid."

Military Glory.—During the Mexican war, a company (G) of 105 effective men was shipped from Detroit. The company was detailed for guard duty at Camp Began near Vera Cruz. Of these, 70 were cut off in the forty days before Vera Cruz. Five more perished afterwards. The small remnant of 30 returned from the campaign, and went into quarters at Detroit. Of these, 15 have since died—and of the 15 more living, not one is capable of doing hard labor.

Monument to Mr. Madison.—A monument is at last to be placed over the grave of this great and excellent man. It is already prepared—a plain, granite obelisk, twenty feet in height, bearing no inscription except the date of his birth and death—and is the freewill offering of his old friends and neighbors in Orange, Va., and their children. Chaste and plain, it is a fit representation of the beautiful simplicity of the character of him whose memory it is designed to commemorate.—*Culpepper Republican.*

Queer Case.—A consignment of 50 cats was shipped on a Nantucket schooner from Malta to New York. Terrible gales were encountered. An old salt stirred up the crew by laying it to the cats, and the captain was forced to throw the whole consignment overboard. The gale incontinently abated, the vessel arrived safely, and now the cat consignee sues the owner of the vessel for damages, $2,500, or $50 a cat.

Hoops.—There were two million pounds of whalebone in the United States when the hoop-fashion came in vogue, and this was selling at about 60 cents per pound. Since January 1, 1857, the imports of this article reached one million eight hundred thousand pounds, yet there is now little or no stock in the market. What remained in the seaboard cities has been nearly all bought up at $1 20 per pound.

Receipt to Insure Bad Health.—Have half a dozen doctors, and take all the medicine they prescribe. Try every quack you can hear of. If that does not kill you, quack yourself. It is astonishing how much doctoring the human constitution will sometimes endure; but perseverance will sooner or later break it down.

Indian Wit.—Red Jacket took part with the Americans in the war of 1812; and becoming attached to a Colonel, who was ordered on distant service, took his farewell in the following words: "Brother, I hear you are going to a place called Governor's Island; I hope you will be made a Governor yourself; and, above all, I hope wherever you go you may never find whiskey more than two shillings a quart."

The Coin which Betrayed Our Saviour.—A fac simile of this "shekel of the sanctuary" has been got up by Mr. John S. Dye, of Wall street, N.Y., and is obtaining many purchasers among the lovers of Biblical history. Mr. D. is the same gentleman who has written so much for the public on Bank Note Engraving, and the value of coins generally.

Plenty of Corn.—A perfect avalanche of corn may soon be expected. By reference to our marine columns it will be seen that 620,000 bushels are now on the way from Chicago—the largest amount ever known at any one time from this port.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

A Voyage on an American River.—The St. Louis *Democrat* publishes the manifest of the steamer Twilight, which left that city, May 31st, with the government stores for the river Au Tramble, a distance of 2,520 miles. She was absent *fifty-one* days.

Anecdote of George Peabody.—Fifty years ago, at the age of 12, he had occasion to pass through Concord, on his way to Vermont. He stopped all night at the old "Stickney Hotel," where he paid his lodging and breakfast by sawing wood!

Death of a Veteran of 1815.—The Vicksburgh *Sentinel*, of the 28th ult., announces the demise of Col. Thomas Green, a veteran who fought at the battle of Chalmette, in 1815, under General Jackson.

The Abington, Va., *Virginian* says: "There is a natural bridge within sixty-two miles of this place, in Scott County, Va., compared with which the bridge over Cedar Creek is a mere circumstance. The Scott bridge extends across a chasm more than twice eighty feet in width, and is four hundred and twenty feet deep, at the bottom of which flows a much larger and more rapid stream than Cedar Creek. The arch of the Scott bridge is not so perfectly formed as that of Cedar Creek, but it is not less a bridge, with a broad wagon road located upon it. The survey for the Cumberland Gap Railroad passed through the arch of this bridge. It is, perhaps, the wildest and most stupendous curiosity in the United States, and yet it is comparatively unknown."

The ponds in Vermont appear to have a natural disposition to run away. About fifty years since, a natural pond in Glover broke through its northern embankment and made tracks for Canada by the way of Memphremagog Lake—tracks which are visible at the present day. On the 6th inst., a natural trout pond in Plainfield performed a similar feat, only that it sought her Majesty's dominions through Lake Champlain instead of the Magog. In its hurry it made no stop to parley with bridges, but swept away about a dozen of them; entered corn-fields without leave, prostrating fences, and one shop. There had been no rain to provoke this breach of the peace; the day was fair, and no reason is assigned for the discontented movement.

A few days ago a man named Phillips, who lives near Pontiac, in Oakland County, Michigan, who had been under the care of a physician for mental aberration, was suddenly seized with a return of his malady. While his wife was milking a cow he hurled several large stones at her, one of which struck her between the shoulders, injuring her fatally. A hired man, coming to her rescue, was struck by an axe in the hands of Phillips and seriously wounded; a son of Phillips, nine years of age, interposed, when his father struck him a heavy blow on the head with the axe, fracturing his skull most frightfully. Neither of the parties injured is expected to recover. Phillips is in prison—a raving maniac.

What fools men are to worry because they are not as well off "as the fellow across the street." The richest man in town will be forgotten in fifty years from now, as the mason who built the Rocky Mountains. In 1843 we attended the funeral of a millionaire. We visited his grave recently, and what do you suppose we saw? four bobtailed pigs rooting the sod from his grave. And that was the end of his eminence—a neglected grave, with four stubtailed pigs rooting up the soil. So passes the glory of the world.—*Exchange Paper.*

According to a statement of the chief of the Kaw Indians, who, with a delegation from his people, was recently at Washington, the missionaries and the school teacher had been there for twenty years, and yet an educated Indian could not be found. The boys are kept at work on the land, and all they make sold. In this way are made two or three thousand dollars. Their missionary had now become a clerk for a trader, and did everything he could against the Indians.

A beautiful and singular phenomena was observed at Ashwood, Maury Co., Tennessee, on July 3d, at 5 o'clock, P. M. A gorgeous rainbow spanned the heavens with its magnificent colors; immediately beneath it were two others but little inferior in brightness, while the principal one, and at some distance from it, was a fourth, equally distinct with the two lesser. The arches were perfect in them all, and were seen about seven or eight minutes.

A mother and daughter were sentenced at the same time on the 28th July, at Rochester, to the penitentiary.

The term crinoline is derived from the Latin word *crinis*, which means the hair of the head. The word in the French language becomes *crin*, and is generally applied to the horse hair. In colloquial Latin, or the Latin of the Lower Empire, *crinis* might actually pass into the diminutive *crinola*, and from this we may easily form the term crinoline, to signify a fabric of woven hair.

A man named Stigal, residing in Kentucky, a few days since, chained up and beat to death one of his slaves. He gave the slave one hundred lashes a day for six days, and on the morning of the seventh day the poor fellow was found dead. The offence complained of was going to see his wife, on an adjoining plantation, after having been forbidden.

The Ontario *Times* tells of an unnatural mother, coming from Elmira northward, a few days since, who, when at Gorham station, induced a stranger to hold her baby for a moment while she went to look after her baggage. She did not return, and the child was brought to Canadaigua by its involuntary attendant, and thence conveyed to the County Poorhouse.

A Mr. Wrather, who lives north of Murfreesboro', Tenn., lately corrected for some fault a female slave. She left the premises, but returned at night and destroyed her three children, by hanging two and drowning the other in a well. She then took her own life by hanging herself to the post on which the sweep pole of the well rested.

In a church in Plympton, which is undergoing repairs, a bottle of rum was found, which had been cased up between the pannelling for twenty-seven years. One of the builders brought it there to refresh himself occasionally, and his comrades boxed it into the pulpit the next morning before he got there.

The Canandaigua and Niagara Falls R. R. has been leased for a term of years by a company of Rhode Island capitalists, of ample means, who propose to make it a good Road for the public and a paying one to the owners. The fare from Niagara Falls to New York, by this route, has been reduced to $5, and to Boston $9.

It is fearful to contemplate how easily all religious services on Sunday could be broken up, and other public assemblages as well. Do you ask how? Destroy all the *looking glasses*, and the thing is accomplished! How many would go if they could not see how they looked?

The sentiment attributed to Stephen Girard, that if he were conscious he should die to-morrow, he would not stop in planting a tree to-day, is full of meaning and truth, and forcibly conveys the propriety and necessity of looking beyond ourselves.

During a late thunder storm at Greenville, S. C., the lightning struck a mill, knocking over two negroes who were at work in it. As soon as they regained their feet, the first exclamation of one of them, in great surprise, was, "*Who fire dat gun?*"

The young ladies of Cherokee County, Georgia, have made and presented to one of the candidates for governor (a bachelor) a calico patchwork quilt. The Governor in expectancy states that if elected he will use it in the executive mansion.

A minister approaching a mischievous urchin, about twelve years old, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, thus addressed him: "My son, I believe the devil has hold of you." "I believe so too," was the significant reply of the urchin.

Miles and scores of miles within the fenced track of the New York Central Railroad are planted with potatoes by the employees of that great road. These railroad farms are attended to mostly by the wives of the employees.

A rumor reached Monticello, Jones Co., Iowa, a week ago, that President Buchanan was dead; whereupon a black republican who is postmaster, ran up a flag and "gave three cheers for joy."

About 100 tons of rock fell from the precipice at Goat Island, Niagara Falls—about 300 feet below the British falls—lately. Four persons were beneath it at the time and three of them were hurt.

Mr. James Adams, of Leesburg, Va., recently plowed up in that vicinity a gold coin of King Charles the First, bearing date 1648. It is about as large as an American quarter dollar, and is now 209 years.

William Henry Kent, son of the late Mrs. Kent, the well-known actress, shot himself dead with a pistol in Cincinnati, on the 3d inst. He was just of age, and fell a victim to "unrequited love."

The first flour from new wheat ground at the west this season was at the Cairo City Mills, Ill., on the 3d of July; and the farmers of Alexander County have since been using new flour from new wheat.

Henry Abbey and his father, of Bennington County, have each been recently sentenced to the Vermont State Prison for bigamy; the old gentleman having six wives, and the young one two.

A Newburgh river fishing party were rather astonished by the deliberate suicide of a sturgeon of 150 pounds, who jumped into their boat as the shortest way of getting out of this world.

The express train between Rochester, N. Y., and the Niagara suspension bridge recently accomplished the night trip in an hour and twenty-five minutes—a distance of 76 miles.

The German emigrants who have settled in Texas are now estimated at 35,000, of whom 25,000 are settled in the German and half German counties of Western Texas.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If Mr. Patrick Lynch, Ringwood, will let us know what *State* he lives in, his letter will be attended to.

What has happened to our Texas correspondent?

NEW YORK TABLET.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUG. 22, '57.

FEMALE EMIGRANTS AND SHIP-DISCIPLINE.

THE case of the unfortunate female emigrants who came over in *The City of Mobile* has attracted a good share of attention in the press, and we trust it will not be allowed to pass from the public mind without producing its natural fruits. It comes home to everybody who takes an interest in the preservation of virtue and the suppression of vice. He who says it does not concern him declares that he has no sympathy with his species, and has no ties which can be either improved or impaired by the tone of society. If such men were the sole arbiters of human destiny here or anywhere, Chaos and Disorder would soon take out a verdict by default, and the whole system of social government shift away, leaving us like the Malay or the Turkooman. No! the case of the emigrants by *The City of Mbbile*, as a sample of gross demoralization effected daily on board of vessels freighted with beings whose future will form part of the future of America, cannot be a matter of indifference to any right-thinking man, native or foreign, and we urge the city press to continue the work it has so well begun by dwelling upon it until some remedy shall have been introduced to prevent its recurrence.

To us, to the readers of the TABLET, it is and must be poignantly painful. Here was a shipload of innocent country girls of unquestioned character in their own neighborhoods, which after a voyage of a few weeks contributed at least half a dozen souls to sailors' boarding-house brothels, belched several on the streets, and sent others inland with their maidenly robes tarnished forever, and all because, and simply because, you, and I and that other person, with the same blood in our veins, and the dearly-bought wisdom that the failings of our countrywomen will be inevitably cast upon our heads, closed our eyes to the necessity of a stringent Law for the regulation of intercourse on board of passenger ships, and left unused the power we possessed to have it proposed and carried into effect.. While we were taking sides with pot-house factions on petty issues, libidinous captains and brutal sailors were forging arguments for our enemies out of the very innocence or thoughtlessness of Irish females. While our Press was busy nailing the base charges circulated from the fanatical newspapers against Irish morals, we —noble patriots that we are!—were too busy saving the country from the Whigs and the Know-Nothings to see the thickly-packed emigrant ship sweltering with new made prostitutes, designed for the "hells" of New York and Boston, but sure to appear in judgment against us, whether right or wrongly, in the mild reminders of the ballot-box, or the popular frenzy fits which worked themselves out at New Orleans and Louisville. If we had been as careful of our own flesh and blood, or our own good name, as we were of "our glorious institutions," who shall say that we could not have saved the country from the curse of Whiggery and Know-Nothingism besides saving ourselves from the disgrace of half the walking placards of Irish prostitution which you may meet by lamplight fluttering at every corner of the city from the Reservoir to the Battery? We put this question not so much to upbraid our fellow-emigrants for the past as to excite them to better conduct in the future. The Legislature which paased the Act in reference to "head money,"—which determined that no more than a certain number of passengers should be brought in any one vessel—which laid down the amount of weekly rations—has power to pass a law decreeing that ships shall be partitioned with a view to the single and the married; that, unless in the case of relatives, the inmates of the one quarter shall not be permitted into the other; that sailors shall be strictly excluded from all association with the passengers, and the passengers from all unnecessary communication with the crew; that the Commissioners of Emigration shall be *ex-officio*, required to ferret out and prosecute to conviction those who attempt seduction in the meaning of the statute; and that any departure from such or further precautionary rules as may be laid down, shall be punishable by fine or imprisonment in the Marine Court, as well as Mutinies or attempts to cheat Insurance Companies.

It is not our province to enter into the details of an act of the character under consideration, but there can be no doubt of the authority of the Legislature to pass it, and have we not influence enough to get it introduced? Answer us you gentlemen in the front ranks of the Democratic party, and always willing to be known as Irishmen or the descendants of Irishmen on election day, can we not get some such act proposed at Albany? You need not fear that it will be defeated as a "party measure" by the Republican majority, for it has no political bearing, and if it were, you could not have a better argument against the party of that majority with the Irish Republicans in the north of this State in 1860. If not from love then, from dear policy, prepare to make some move in the matter. An act such as we think necessary for the protection of future emigrants, could scarcely fail to produce good results, and where it would fall short the Press might be made useful in teaching ship owners that they consult their own interests by consulting also the moral safety of their patrons. Take the case of Captain Conway who was tried a week or two ago for seducing an English girl, and is yet retained in the service of his employers. What more is required to deter Irish emigrants from coming in any vessel he commands than to give its name, to state the character of the Captain, and to have both properly brought before the Irish provincial papers? Nothing, if we except the attention of the Irish Priests, which is easily secured to statements of the kind. Extend the custom so as to embrace all vessels and officers of vessels in the Liverpool passenger trade, and if unprotected emigrants take passage on board of ships or with officers who have earned a bad reputation, we will consent to lower our high estimation of Irish shrewdness and Irish virtue.

It will not suffice for our ship owners to say that "if females fall from virtue the fault is their own and we should not be held responsible." No one questions the morality of Irish girls at home, the sea air has no deteriorating effect on the conscience, and the circumstances in which they are placed on shipboard, in their first contact with unprincipled men, will alone account for the number and frequency of their lapses from rectitude. Over these circumstances, over these men, ship owners have full control, and if they retain bad men or bad officers in their employ they are justly accountable for the effects which may flow from the lax morals of the former, or the neglect of duty on the part of the latter. For ourselves, we will hold in future every shipping firm engaged in the Liverpool passenger trade strictly responsible to the Irish and Irish-American public for every instance of seduction which may occur on board their vessels, where it can be shown that the officers or crew are at fault, and we rely upon the Boston *Pilot* to institute a similar system of newspaper coercion in its columns. The TABLET is pledged—what says the *Pilot?*

ENGLAND IN INDIA AND CHINA.

THE revolt in India is none of your weak, gurgling insurrections which creates a commotion and sinks again suddenly, as if awed by its own efforts, into the common currents of affairs. It is a grand, wrathful breaking up of the waters of contention which have lain heavily for a hundred years on the Hindoo and Mahomedan heart, and bids fair to be the greatest event of the century, not even excepting Napoleon's fall. We care little for accounting for it. It may have sprung from greased cartridges, from the overbearing manner of English Officers attested to by Bishop Heber, or from Russian intrigue, but it evidently has for its object the overthrow of British power, the assertion of the inherent rights of Ryot and Sepoy on their own soil, and a general retrogression, with certain reservations which no revolution can ever wholly do away with, from the present degrading condition of the native Indians to that which they held before an English manufactory was planted on the coast of the Carnalic. "We have a garden which is India; the walls are the fortified towns of Tartary and Affignistan," said Sir Richmond Shakespeare to the Khan of Kiva in language not more finely figurative than true: into this garden the Serpent of English Avarice wriggled his way, and that the bad effects of his success may not continue "all at once," as the *Times* confesses, "the cohesion which bound a great empire in loyalty to a far distant name has ceased, and the mass is resolved into its first elements."

The immediate result is that from the Hymalayas to Cape Comorin the East India Company are practically powerless. Sir Henry Laurence, in Oude, may hang the rebels at Lucknow with loaded field-pieces and lighted portfires on either side of the scaffold, but Sir Henry dare not march thirty English miles out of the city for his life's sake. As in Oude, so in the Presidencies and the Provinces. Government is at a stand still, the lifting of taxes is impracticable, and at the end of the fiscal year, whether Delhi holds out or falls the Court of Directors in London will find themselves involved to an enormous amount, and scarcely a consoling rupee forthcoming where erstwhile were one hundred millions annually. Regarded as a mere affair of pounds, shillings and pence, therefore, this revolt promises to be ruinous to the E. I. Company, and when we calculate the chances of its suppression it seems equally threatening to English dominion. Even if Russia is not at the bottom of it or is not preparing to use it, there is every reason to believe that it will bring forth some "son of the Sun"—some second Dost Mahomet, who will play the part in Hindostan that the former did north of the Punjaub in '39. Heroes are improvised in the East, and God send one quickly, Sirdar, Ameer, or Sepoy, it matters little, so that he have hot blood at his heart and a head for action!

The War in China—if we can call poaching after human beings by that name—acts and is acted upon by the rebellion in India. The first batch of troops destined for the scene of operations at Canton has been recalled to Calcutta and as we learn from the Madras *Englishman*, further contributions from that quarter are daily looked for by the Indian authorities. Meantime, however, Commodore Keppel hunts and sinks junks in the creeks about Canton, and the "red coats" are not denied an occasional *sortie* in which to murder and plunder. As for an active armed opposition to their amiable intentions, it is seldom shown and always ineffective. John Chinaman seems to take killing quietly and to look upon a qualified non-resistance as the most propitious style of warfare. Jinggalls are plenty, to be sure, but they make poor headway against round shot and cannister.

Among the Indians and Chinese, owing probably to their want of refined phrases for gross crimes these two wars are spoken of in very disparaging terms. The Indians seem to think that England's representatives are atrocious tyrants, while the antediluvian Chinese persist in calling them "barbarians." We in Europe and America, know better. England, of course, is fighting the battle of "civilization and Christianity" in Asia. Every bullet is a missionary of the Gospel, while the nine pounders are, from their peculiar excellence, full blown Apostles. Sir Henry Laurence is a miniature Baptist, using blood instead of water, but all for the glory of God and the advancement of civilization. Great is Leaden-Hall Street, yet Elect, and the salvation of the Pagan is at hand!

But the Indian Rupees and the China Opium trade—say nothing about them. Business *will* creep into the most disinterested schemes of philanthropy, as the buyers and sellers abused the Temple, or as some people are supposed to make Kansas a catspaw for pulling out "chestnuts." Nothing mundane is wholly good. Possess your souls in peace, then, and thank Heaven that there is at least one mighty Empire in the world which expends all its surplus resources for the spiritual consolation of the Heathen. This is Cant, but this is the spirit of the London and American Press diluted, on "England in India and China."

"BAD BEGINNINGS MAKE BAD ENDINGS."—Sacred History and the experience of every day-life combine to convince us that this old saying is generally true, and in no instance more true than in that of disobedient children. "The first bent taken by youth," says St. Jerome, "is with difficulty changed; wool which hath got its first tincture doth not easily return to its former whiteness, and an earthen vessel keeps long the same taste of the liquor wherewith it was first seasoned," "He that feareth the Lord," says the wise man, "honoreth his parents and will serve them as his master, that brought him into the world;" while Job assures us that he who neglects this primary obligation shall be cut off, and "before his days be full he shall perish." A thousand passages from Sacred History prove the words of St. Jerome, while as many more, from that which tells us that a disobedient son was the first slave, to those which refer to Ophni, Phinees, and Absalom, fulfil the prediction of Job. But if all history were shut out from us there would still be sufficient evidence in the memory of living men to confirm the truth of the saying placed above. We have even now in our mind's eye a remarkable proof of it which it is quite unnecessary to suggest to our city readers.

The son who begins life by showing disrespect to his parents can scarcely hope for a happy future. It is no excuse to say that they did not deserve filial allegiance. Tobias's wife had not the reputation of sanctity nor Solomon's mother an untarnished character, yet Tobias commanded his son to "honor his mother all the days of her life" and Solomon never failed in this regard to his. Set it down as almost beyond question that he who stains the early leaves of his life by treating his parents badly, seldom—very seldom—furnishes, unless in the sense of a warning, an edifying sequel to them.

A CATHOLIC DAILY.—"Do not the interests of the Church demand that there be established, in the city of New York, one first-class daily newspaper, fully and openly devoted to the Catholic faith? Of the weekly papers, recognized as Catholic, one is said to have a circulation of forty thousand. The rest do not, probably, exceed from two to five thousand."

So writes a correspondent in the editorial pages of our excellent fellow-laborer, the Cincinnati *Telegraph*. His question is certainly an important one, and can only be answered by the parties without whom so great an enterprize could not be started, or if started, not sustained.

TAMMANY HALL, THE "LADY OF BABYLON," AND FILIAL RESPECT.

"The swords which in the capitol dripped with Cæsar's blood; which, at Runnymede, were held at Cæsar's throat; the religious indignation, which at Wittenberg armed the tongue of Luther against Papal despotism."—*Hon. John Cochrane's Speech in Tammany Hall, on the evening of Aug.* 13th.

"Walter Cochrane, Esq., father of the Hon. John Cochrane, died *yesterday morning*, at his residence in East Twelfth street. He was 86 years of age. He will be interred to-morrow in the family vault."—*New York Tribune, Aug.* 14*th.*

We place these two extracts from the daily press in juxtaposition for the purpose of reading the Hon. John Cochrane a short lesson on prudence and filial respect.

Tammany Hall, on the 13th inst., (as on every evening when the Democracy hold council,) was mainly filled by Catholic politicans and Catholic voters. As for the politicians it mattered little whether the Pope was "damned" or not, the faith of their fathers belied or not, the creed of their own wives and sisters insulted or not, in their presence. Manly independence and natural indignation in their case were out of the question; they cost too much; and as Mr. Cochrane knew this he slashed away at "Papal despotism." "But the voters, what did they?" you ask. "Surely they did not bear it?" Softly friend, you forget you are—in America. Know, then, that he who was only too ready with a blow at home in defence of his religion, who, at least, could never be got to make one of a sympathetic audience for a slanderer of the Papacy—becomes, under the manipulation of American politicians "meek as a sucking dove." His *forte* is not in rejecting indignity but in swallowing it. Thus did the Hon. John Cochrane, on the 13th inst., in a mainly Catholic meeting, in a famous Democratic wigwam, raise up his voice against "Papal despotism" and hear applauding echoes multiply it a hundred fold. And he was right so far as his audience went, but we insist that he was wrong as a politician. He forgot that there is a public outside of Tammany Hall; that his party will be held accountable for his sentiments by that public; and that the Republican Press will not easily let die a quotation which, flung to them from such a place, by such a person, has, if not a great, at least a certain electioneering importance. Mr. Cochrane, then, allowed his bigotry to run away with his prudence. Let us see if his passion for making political capital did not get the better of his respect for the Dead.

Among the Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, and, indeed, all ancient nations, disrespect to the dead was considered a most despicable crime, while the contrary virtue was esteemed most laudable and meritorious. Even in our days Æneas is instanced as a noble example of Pagan respect for parents, while the infamy on which the name of Tullia has floated to us shows what a preservative popular enmity is of natural morals. If the Pagans paid such reverence to the remains of those who had unravelled the mystery of the grave, what shall we say of a man like the Hon. John Cochrane who, while his father is hardly yet cold in his shroud in East Twelfth street, goes out and addresses a political meeting? What shall we say of such a man? That he is devoid of the animal instinct of grief which yonder cur shows at the absence of its parent; that he is wanting in that sense of shame which the same cur would evince if he were caught surreptitiously despoiling your pantry; and, that the Hon. John Cochrane, who is so utterly bereft of filial feeling,—so glaringly reckless of the decencies of society—has work enough to do in levering his own nature up to the brute standard before giving lectures to the public on either Papal "Despotism," or Political "Principles."

An intelligent cotemporary informs us that Kelley's New Map of Ireland is "four feet *square by five feet in length*, well mounted, and handsomely executed in every particular." We hope the map is more accurate than the editor.

St. Vincent's Academy.—Studies will be renewed at the above institution on September 1st, and also in all the schools under the direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

"THE DEMANDS OF AGE ON COLLEGES."

In our last article on this subject we objected to Mr. Mann's method of stating his reasons in favor of "the mutual association of the sexes in Collegiate institutions." We now propose to treat his suggestion on its merits in a paragraph, premising that it can have no bearing on, and little attraction even as a professional joke, for Catholics.

It is a serious mistake to suppose for a moment that Colleges were erected to teach or determine manners. If they fulfil their mission they will impart morals and information, but they are not expected, nor should they be, to endow students with more than the ordinary etiquette of the class room. Imagine under a contrary system how the four or five years allotted to students in American institutions would be frittered away in the study of the different "accomplishments," while the more important branches of a sound education would be almost neglected. As it is, our scholars are yet "in the block" when they meet face to face with the world; and how much more unworthy of their name would they become, if their time, already much too short, were devoted to the acquirement of the thousand-and-one mannerisms which go to complete the modern gentleman? Again, these mannerisms and modes can best be learned in their mint, the world. Short as is the existence of the dynasties of Minerva now-a-days, (when professors are compelled to resign if they do not keep pace with the political sommersaults of the nearest leading newspaper,) they would far outlive Fashion, (fickle goddess!) and the student just bearing off the first premium for politeness would be forced to part without a shake-hands from his associates to prevent his information from becoming antiquated almost as soon as he was assured of possessing it. Evidently, the World and Experience are the best brushes for uncouth youths. If Colleges give them intelligence enough to attract the floating glitter of our "best society" *when* they are thrown into its currents, Colleges do their duty, and it remains for Society to do the rest, to put on the frills and pomatum, and furnish the label—*Au fait.*

The Mission of Falls Village, (Conn).—"Father Kelly of this village whose health has been fast declining for some months is at last advised by his physician to quit the laborious duties of his present mission. We fear the labor of erecting the three churches of West Cornwall, Goshen, and this village, has completely overtaxed his strength. Though sorry to have him leave after his many efforts to raise the character and improve the morals of our Catholic neighbors, we are glad to see him even at the eleventh hour look more to his own health than he has done during the four years spent here in unremitting toil. Father Kelly was a man, who in defence of his own faith never insulted the faith of others, and we would wish to see our fellow citizens, irrespective of creed, class or country, join in presenting him with some testimonial which may remind him that wherever his future days may be spent, Falls Village will never fail to respect his services or his memory."—*Republican, Falls Village, (Conn.)*

We sincerely regret to learn from the above that the Rev. Mr. Kelly is obliged by ill-health to leave his present mission. A compliment, such as the *Republican* pays him, shows how well he labored and how much he was appreciated by the community.

"Stop Your Paper."—"Whatever doubts our readers may have been disposed to entertain of the deep and inextinguishable hatred which the Romish Priesthood cherish towards the Bible and towards all who are engaged in the dissemination of its divine truths—ought to be dispelled by a calm perusal of the letter on our first page, from the truculent pen of the Rev. Dr. Cahill, *an Irish Archbishop of some notoriety*," &c.—*Yarmouth* (N. S.) *Tribune.*

Will the Editor of this *Tribune* oblige us by discontinuing his exchange. Its late numbers have been so full of antiquated falsehoods sillily told, that we wish to be done with it. Besides, a man who mistakes Dr. Cahill for an Archbishop is not a person to derive information or edification from.

Owing to an error of the printer in our notice of the Erina Pic-Nic last week, the name of the President of the Society was printed "McGuin." It should have been, as many friends of the Erina Association have kindly reasons to remember, McGuire.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG LADIES IN NEW YORK.

As we are now on the threshold of a new academic year we take occasion to call our readers' attention to the Catholic Schools in and about the city, some of whose advertisements may be found in our columns. First in importance is St. Vincent's Academy, 105th street, which opens for instruction on the first Monday of September. Next comes "St. Mary's School for Young Ladies," conducted by the Sisters of Charity, at 229 East Broadway, where studies will be resumed on the 1st prox. Besides these, but not advertised in the Tablet, are the Academy connected with the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville, the Day School under charge of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, in No. 49 West Seventeenth street, and the Academy for Young Ladies at East Morrisania. Parents or guardians have here a sufficient number of city institutions to select one or more from, for special patronage.

THE ANNUAL RETREAT OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science.—The Number of Christian Brothers, &c.

Montreal, August 13th, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

Dear Sir:—During the last ten or twelve days we have had a full assembly of the Christian Brothers here from all parts of America making their annual retreat. On the present occasion they numbered 190, but so quiet and unostentatious are their movements that very few even of our citizens knew anything of their visit. And yet it is an affair of vital importance to the best interests of society all over the continent. Necessarily more or less exposed to the contagion of wordliness in their daily intercourse with this corrupt world in its most dangerous phase—city life—they come home, year by year, during the vacation, to the mother house, as a common centre, to imbibe once more and simultaneously the ennobling maxims of their holy founder—to study, in His life, the world of their own, to consider in silence and solitude the affairs of their own souls, to confer all together on the common interests of the community, and the best means of attaining the end and object of their institute.

We have another assembly of a far different kind going on at the same time, viz.: the American Association for the Advancement of Science. There is a great noise—great bustle—and not a little bombast—expended on the occasion. Our citizens are in a perfect ferment of hospitality, compassing heaven and earth to do honor to the literati—many of whom, with respect be it said—are anything but Christian men—and yet what effect has their science on the moral world?—do their teachings make men wiser or better? We fear not. They make them learned, but the melancholy experience of daily life shows all too truly that learning *alone* will not or cannot elevate mankind above the natural state. Of far greater importance to the world are these 190 Christian Brothers—the humble, unobtrusive *professors* of the Christian Doctrine—that noblest of all sciences—the simple, unpretending teachers of the poor—the tillers of the moral soil of the world—they who, for the love of God, devote their lives to the instruction of the children of the poor, without any other reward than the good they do and the promised joys of heaven. Yet there is no one to take note of their comings or goings—nor do they desire notice from their fellow-mortals—it would be wholly misapplied in their case—quietly they come and quietly they go—to resume, on reaching their widely scattered homes, the hard and toilsome functions of their lowly state. Yet where is the body of literati that possesses the same power as these humble Christian Brothers, scattered as they are through almost every region of the earth? Their community numbers at present fully 7,000 (being only exceeded by the Sisters of Charity who are 9,000), and numerous as they as they are, they are not half numerous enough. Here in Montreal alone, there are over *one hundred* applications on the books from various towns and cities to whom no brothers can be sent. If God should be pleased to increase the brotherhood so as to meet the requirements of the world, what a vast power will they wield over the future, in training the lower and, of course, most numerous classes of society in every country.

Believe me to be, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.,

Hibernica.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Notice to Subscribers.—Subscribers who may receive bills will please attend to them immediately, as our terms are payment in advance. We intend making the Tablet a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

Notice.—Wanted—A number of men, in the different States of the Union, to act as Agents for the Tablet, and for the sale of books. None but persons who can be well recommended need apply. D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

Carrier Wanted—To serve the Tablet in the eastern part of this city, comprising the 7th, 10th, 17th and 18th Wards. Apply at 164 William street, up stairs.

We desire to warn persons wishing to subscribe to the Tablet against a class of Agents who take upon themselves the questionable power of signing the names of its Publishers to receipts, and escape the crime of forgery by adding their own initials. The Publishers of the Tablet have not authorized any one to receive money for them unless those who can show a paper confirming that authority, or whose names appear among the list of Agents.

Those of our California subscribers who are indebted to us for 1857, will please forward their subscriptions immediately, otherwise we will be compelled to cease sending them the Tablet.

Mr. John Dillon Smith is not, and never has been, authorized to act as Agent, or to collect for this Journal.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Wholesale Agency in Boston.

The Tablet can be had at the Bookstore of Mr. Wm. Hickey, 128 Federal street, at New York prices. Canvassers and News Agents supplied.

Travelling Agents.

Canada West.—Mr. P. Fahey is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the Tablet in Canada West.

Mr. John O'Malley will visit all the towns on both sides of the Hudson this and following weeks. He is fully authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the Tablet. He has a good assortment of books on hand.

Mr. John Mangin will visit Plattsburg Keeseville, and adjacent towns on Lake Champlain, this and following weeks. He has a good assortment of Catholic Books for sale, and is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the New York Tablet.

Mr. Francis Connolly is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the Tablet in all the towns he may visit in Western New York. Any of our friends in need of good Catholic Books had better avail themselves of this opportunity, as Mr. C. has a fine assortment on hand.

John J. Holland is authorized to canvass for new subscribers and collect all debts due the Tablet in all the towns throughout the Eastern States. He keeps on hand a good stock of Catholic publications.

T. F. Lee is authorized to collect subscriptions for the New York Tablet in the Abingtons, Bridgewaters, Randolph, Stoughton, or in any towns through which he may travel.

London, C. W.—Our friends in London, C. W., will find the Tablet for sale at the Bookstore of Bernard Henry, Richmond street.

We call the attention of Schools and Colleges to the advertisement of Class Books on the 16th page. They have met with a decided approbation from all the Colleges and Schools where they have been introduced, and the Catholic Press have been unanimous in their praise—a few specimens of which are given in the advertisement. Colleges and Institutions would do well before purchasing to examine our Catalogue; they will find a full assortment of School, Classical, and Historical Works.

The new Catholic Church at Jamaica, L. I., will be dedicated on Sunday, August 23. The Rt. Rev. Bishop McLoughlin will preach on the occasion. We hope it will be well attended. Tickets, one dollar, to be had at all the Catholic Bookstores.

N. B.—Cars leave Bedford at 9 1-2 o'clock, A.M., and return at 5.20, P.M.

THE "DUBLIN REVIEW" ON SPANISH AMERICA.

The Dublin Review, for June, 1857. *American Agents: Murphy & Co., Baltimore.*

A work of this kind is in no need of newspaper praise. We, therefore, confine ourselves to an extract from an article in it on "Helps' Spanish Conquest in America:"

"It is a remark of Montaigne that the sole triumph of some conceptions lies in the disaster which has ensued upon their realization not having been allowed. This is very fully illustrated by the history of Spanish America, and more particularly so if we read it by the light of our own experience in the history of British India. Upon the score of morality in general, and of good faith, right, and humanity in particular, we have no right to claim superiority over the Spaniards. The Spaniards have been more sanguinary, we have been more cruel, the Spaniards more violent, we more insidious, the Spaniards sacrificed life, we applied torture, the Spaniards killed their hen for the glut of the golden eggs, and we blinded the linnet for the improvement of its song. Our wisdom, less wise however than that of Las Casas and the preachers, has been made manifest by our success, by a constant increase of dominion, by never-failing lacs of rupees, and by the provision of a field to absorb the surplus of ambition and activity that must always exist in a highly organized and populous community like ours. The want of some such issue for enterprize and talent is greatly felt in France for instance. Every secular profession is there overpacked, every career is in plethora, the dignity of each and all their rewards are lowered by infinite competition, and every channel that civilized society has provided for usefully distributing the talents of its members, is choked and impassable. All that would otherwise flow off and expose a beneficial activity upon the antipodes, is thrown back upon the country and subsides into present uselessness and future danger; for the waters, although apparently stagnant, are always rising, and will one day burst their barrier unless some provision be made to draw them off. Had we followed the example of the Spaniards, and killed off our Indians by the million, were the present rice fields abandoned to the alligator and the boa, and the cities of men laid fallow for a growth of jungle, what profit would our Indian Empire bring to us? Our cruelties, our perfidy, our exactions were, and perhaps are, such as Burke and Sheridan have described, but we were too smart to butcher after the Spanish fashion. In England we believe religion never raised her voice in behalf of the miserable natives; but the fact is, at all events, that the native population has been preserved, and our Empire is what it is.

"Let us therefore suppose that the millions who positively swarmed in the Mexican and Peruvian Empires, had been preserved in conformity with the advice of Las Casas and the preachers. They were a far more promising population than the natives of the Indian Empire, to whose conversion and civilization the diversity of castes presents so great an obstacle. The Indians of the two former Empires already possessed considerable mechanical skill; their military qualities were, to say the least, far from contemptible; their faith and simplicity were very great; they were susceptible of feelings of the strongest attachment to their benefactors; they had already a superstitious reverence for their princes; they readily adopted, and thoroughly understood the principles of Christianity; there was nothing to prevent their consolidation into a great, an enlightened, and loyal empire, not through the tedious process of colonization, but by the influence of religion and civil polity, upon a large, an intelligent, and a willing population. Their natural increase, no longer kept under by their savage wars, and by the human sacrifices which formed the principal feature of the Mexican superstition, would not have been excessive, because the improved methods of agriculture applied to a soil of such wonderful fertility, would have maintained the proportion between demand and supply, and have left a large surplus for the purposes of commerce. It is hardly an extreme proposition to affirm that, under these circumstances, the entire of both the American Continents must have been included in the Spanish Empire, and would now have been covered by a Christian population, Indian and European, more numerous than that of China, and yielding a revenue greater than that of all the kingdoms of the earth together. Imagination can hardly compass the grandeur of the possibilities which the councils of Las Casas and the Preachers could have converted into reality. Nor on the other hand are we prepared to say that the present pitiable condition of a nation, which might be so great as Spain, is not the very chastisement which the Preachers foretold should overtake the people of Spain for their destruction of the Indies, and their rejection of the grandest opportunity ever presented to a Christian State. The English in North America had no such materials to work upon, and no such materials to work with, as the Spaniards in Mexico and South America. The North American Indians were fierce, untractable, and almost *feræ naturæ* as compared with the Mexicans, or Peruvians, and their kindred tribes. And had they been as plastic as wax, England was just in the most truculent period of her Protestantism, and could never have moulded them to anything. Again, in India Proper there was still less chance of successful dealing with the population from the peculiar character of their superstition, and from the complete but stunted growth of their civilization, while the instruments were as poor, and the inclination to use them as little as in the case of America. There can hardly be any doubt that the neglected opportunity was almost as great a crime in Spain as the positive wickedness of Spanish government in America, and certainly the existing condition of Spain, and of the Spanish colonies, falls little short of that total destruction which the Preachers foretold as the punishment of their cruelty to the Indians."

Circular of St. Mary's College, Wilmington, Delaware, being a Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the College for the Session of 1856-7. *Baltimore: Murphy & Co.*

Prospectus of Santa Clara College, with a Catalogue of the Officers and Students for the Year 1856-'7. *San Francisco: O'Meara & Painter.*

From a hasty glance at these neatly printed pamphlets, we are pleased to see that the Institutions which issued them give every evidence of prosperity.

THE DEATH OF DONOH DREE.

"Peace to the Dead," said Donoh as he drew
His fingers o'er his Harp before the King—
"Peace to the Dead" along the concourse flew
As flies a note's soft tremor down the string,
Sadd'ning in its wandering—
"They sleep unconscious where the gowans grow,
Both great and small,
"They eat the fruit of Blessedness or Woe
Which grows for all—
"For them the great sun shines and sets in vain,
In them the skies, [grain,
"The flowers, the floods, the shadows, and the
Awake no ecstacies—
"Peace to the Dead, the Mother and the Maid
The Chief, the Kern, [fadc
"The Priests, the Bards, who flourished and who
In holy Erinn!

"Their seats are empty in the hut and hall,
Their voices gone,
"Or come to memory only in the thrall
Of some old song,
"The camps, the councils, and the blest retreats,
The woods, the groves,
"Shall hear no more the echocs of their feet
No more their loves—
"Peace to the Dead, the Valiant, Fair, and Wise,
And may their sins
"Fade from their Souls as Stars do from the skies
When Day begins!"

A pause—a fall—a discord—an acclaim,
Oh! God above!
Low lay the Bard like tree by fork'd flame
Struck in the grove.
Light in his eye but Death upon his lips
His great soul soon
Eddied away within a half-eclipse
In Life's ripe noon.
Scarce could the Priest educe repentent words
On bended knee,
When soulless as a Harp without its chords
Was Donoh Dree.

THE ANOINTED DOVE.

"The attractive power of sweet ointments, to which Solomon alludes, is notably declared in that which Basil relates of the manner of catching doves—which was by breeding one up tame, and then, anointing her wings, they let her fly away, and the sweet odor of the ointment drew abundance of pigeons after her, which she brought to the cot of her owner."—*Patrick's Commentary on the Songs of Solomon.*

'Midst rocks and caverns, all alone,
A white-winged dove was heard to moan.
All day, all night, forlorn she sate.
Without a friend, without a mate.

One morn a holy man passed by,
With snowy beard and prayful eye;
A censor on his arm he swings,
With which he fumes the sad bird's wings.

Charmed by the force of odors bland,
The lone one perches on his hand,
And then, with liquids heavenly sweet,
He bathes her eyes, her plumes, her feet.

All dripping thus with holy dew,
As up morn's roseate clouds she flew,
Of God's own garden the perfume
Streamed on her track from every plume.

For leagues on leagues those sweets she fann'd,
O'er winding stream and desert sand;
And crowded caravans, 'tis said,
With all the camels, knelt and prayed.

"Is Eden floating down, indeed?"
The Arab cried, and reigned his steed;
"Or hover o'er you graves of palm
Sweet Angels, bathed in clouds of balm?

Meanwhile amidst those caverns rude,
All day the holy hermit stood,
Oft gazing eastward in the air,
As if winged visitors were there.

Clambering at eve a lofty rock,
He saw a rainbow-tinted flock
Of doves fly towards the sinking sun,
All circling round th' anointed one.

"Oh! Innocence?" the old man cried,
"Thou comest back a spotless bride;
Wher'ver thy heaven-sweet wings are found,
The sister virtues flock around."

T. E. Bibber.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES IN WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Watertown, N. Y., August 14, 1857.

On Sunday, the 9th instant, a sermon was preached in this village by the venerable Archbishop Hughes. The church was filled to repletion, was well attended by strangers of every denomination; and I judge from the attention they paid to the sermon that it was highly appreciated by them. The gospel of the day was taken from the 18th Chapter of Saint Luke, commencing with the 9th and terminating with the 14th verse. He commenced by saying that this instructive lesson of our Divine Redeemer was simply a parable of private judgment in regard to our duty and dealings with Almighty God. Our Divine Redeemer introduced it for a special purpose, which was to rebuke, under the form of a parable, the arrogance and presumptuous spirit of some who, as He just says, "trusted in themselves as just, to despise others." The Pharisees were a class remarkable for their observances of the law; they were distinguished from the Saducees; they were rich and learned; they were—if I might be allowed to use the term—the infidel class of Jews. Our Divine Redeemer spoke in their regard while He rebuked the proud and sanctimonious spirit by which they were animated. They were the ones who made prayers at the corners of the streets. They were the ones who were scandalized when they saw ears of corn pulled on the Sabbath day. They were the ones, in short, who were scandalized at the Redeemer of men. He, therefore, takes this special occasion to rebuke their entire spirit which was the spirit of pride. Nor is it the spirit of pride in the ordinary sense; but He takes this occasion to except to that holiness and sanctity which is pretended. We should derive much instruction from this lesson. We should cast aside that spirit which was first introduced by the Adversary of God. But when pride rises into the rank of spiritual pride it is, as it were, to wound the Divine heart. After having shown the several kinds of pride in their proper order, he said—Whether you take it in the one order or the other the result will be the same. Let us imagine then what that is which is called human pride, on what it rests, and where its foundation; and before I use one word on the subject I must refer you to the standard you have in your own heart. Why, when we are prosperous, do we become ungrateful? If we are afflicted, why do we repine? It is because God has made the heart to suit His own special purposes. The moment a man becomes conscious of the attributes nature has endowed him with, he looses the power of charming. If he is endowed with a high order of talent or genius, may such a one indulge in pride? He may at his own peril, because the smallest accident to the physical body may destroy the mind. He showed that jealousy always attended pride; and that it was those who distinguished themselves in the arts and sciences that were peculiarly thwarted by its influence; that human happiness may be obtained by great toil, and we may be lost by the operation of one single hour; and whether it can or cannot last does not add to that real enjoyment such as God created the heart of man to enjoy. We suppose that the heart changes. This is not the case. It vindicates itself constantly. If I attempt to curb it, and present things not worthy of it, not adequate to its powers, it will repel them. Like the ocean now rising mountain high, then sinking into awful chasms, and again calm like a sleeping infant, with merely a ripple to indicate its existence—it still is the ocean. God created the human heart for an object, and that is, to know Him, love Him, and to serve Him. He has placed within us a monitor—the heart—which, if we but listen to its teachings, we can resist that pride against which the gospel of this day is so pointedly directed.

I am sorry that I cannot give a report of his sermon in *extenso*, which though only occupying some forty minutes in its delivery, was marked with that argumentative power, and felicity of expression which usually characterize his sermons. After Mass, which was celebrated by our pastor, Rev. P. McNulty, the congregation (numbering from 10 to 1,200) retired.

M. J. C.

McGEE'S LIFE OF DR. MAGINN.

[*From the Metropolitan.*]

The late gifted and devoted Bishop of Derry has found an historian in one, who in his own honorable sphere of duty has shown, for years past, hardly less love for the cause of God and Truth, and not less courage in meeting its adversaries wherever they may be found. Such men as the author of this interesting memoir deserve the respect of both clergy and laity; and will receive it, if genuine worth and talent and learning and priest-like zeal for the honor of the Church and the well-being of their fellows can entitle any man to receive it.

Dr. Maginn is one of the many Bishops of whom Ireland may well be proud. Though his sun went down while it was yet day, his name is forever written on that best of monuments—the hearts of his countrymen. In the language of Mr. McGee: "His public spirit, his moral courage, his thorough identity with the country, his fervid eloquence, his unwearied industry, his application to details, made him, in some sort, the judge and legislator of his people. His external influence was limited by his enjoyment of the episcopal dignity to three short years. Yet in these three years he undoubtedly did arduous and honorable things, never sparing mind or body, purse or person, where duty called or conscience pointed. In the prime and height of his life, he sank suddenly into the grave, lamented by his own nation, and regretted by all those throughout Christendom who take any interest in the Catholic affairs of Great Britain and Ireland."

Such is the Bishop whose life this volume presents to us—a bright and shining light in the Church of God while on earth; an example and encouragement now that he has gone to the reward of his labors. Not without reason, may those at least for whom he lived and for whom he died, say of their beloved pastor, protector, and guide: "*Nomen tuum et memoriale tuum favus distillans in labris captivorum: mel et lac sub lingua eorum, qui Tui memoria delectantur.*" In the production of this memoir, Mr. McGee has added another wreath to his fame—has given another proof of his well-known talent, industry, and patriotism, and bound still more closely to him many a manly heart that will re-echo our greeting:

To thee no star be dark!
Both heaven and earth
'Friend thee forever!

Switzerland.—The National Council in Switzerland has voted 50,000 francs for the erection of a Catholic Church in Berne. This is a noteworthy historical event. Since the Reformation Catholics, if not wholly banished from Berne, were only tolerated there. By this resolution they receive a public recognition as a religious body, with the same rights as Protestants. Truly, the struggle was severe and the most diverging reasons were offered to prevent the resolution being adopted, at least to the whole extent of the committee's proposal. In some of the voters Materialism in its grossest form displayed itself, and the most radical of Radicals, Councillor Augustine Keller, of Aarau, declared that the debate would make no good impression on the population. General Dufour spoke with earnestness and dignity for the subvention. "If the boasted ideas of confederated brotherly love and toleration were seriously meant, let them be ratified to-day. The eyes of the whole Catholic world were on the present conduct of the government." So spoke the austere Genevese Calvinist. Yet, after all, the grant is only based upon the circumstance that Berne, as the residence of the government of the Federation and of the diplomatic corps, ought to possess a Catholic Church, and that it behoved the Confederation to provide for a long-felt want.

The speech of Mr. Disraeli on the state of India, to prove that we have to deal with a national revolt, and not with a military mutiny, with an organized conspiracy, and not with an outbreak on a sudden impulse, was one of the most masterly efforts to which the House has ever listened. His contention was that the Bengal mutineers were "not the avengers of professional grievances so much as the exponents of general discontent," and that our treatment has alienated from us every class in the country, till the rivalities of religion and race between themselves were fused into a common sentiment of hatred towards us. Having obtained empire in India by a series of solemn compacts to respect the nationality, the religion, the customs, and the law of the inhabitants, we have of late years successfully labored to subvert our empire by attacking the natives in their nationality, their religion, their property and their feelings, their laws and their customs. In support of this theory, Mr. Disraeli adduced a host of facts, the force of which it is impossible to destroy, and which Mr. Vernon Smith hopelessly endeavored to weaken.—*Dublin Tablet.*

The Emperor of Russia has addressed the following autograph letter to Cardinal Antonelli: "Your zealous efforts at consolidating the good relations between us and His Holiness the Pope, as well as your incessant co-operation in bringing about a happy agreement of the two governments upon questions relative to the spiritual necessities of our faithful subjects of the Roman Catholic religion, have acquired for you a right to our gratitude and our sincere esteem. To manifest this towards you, we name you Chevalier of the Order of St. Andrew, the first Apostle, and we send you adjoined the insignia of the Order, in remaining affectionately yours,

"Alexander."

LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

THE CITY OF HURDLES.

The primatial Church of Armagh being happily and securely founded, and the greater part of the northern part of the province converted to the faith, St. Patrick turned his attention to other parts of the kingdom which he had not yet visited. Of the latter class was Munster, where, however, the harvest was already well nigh gathered in by the vigorous arms of Declan, Albe and Kieran, illustrious Fathers of the Irish Church. Leinster was chiefly reserved for the mission of St. Patrick who had only visited a small portion of that great province immediately after his arrival in Ireland. He had then made but very few converts, so that a vast field was there open to his missionary labors. Steering his course, then, towards the east, preaching and baptizing wherever he went, laying the foundations of churches and choosing out young men for his ecclesiastical colleges, he arrived at length at a city called Bally-Ath-Cliath, *the ford of hurdles*, "so called," says MacGeoghegan, "from the hurdles which were used, either to secure the foundations of the houses, or to strengthen the roads on the marshy banks of the river," on whose banks the city was built. The inhabitants of the city were all Pagans, but they had heard the current reports of Patrick's great sanctity and extraordinary power. They were all anxious to behold this wondrous man, and were overjoyed, therefore, on hearing of his approach.

The city was thickly populated and its inhabitants went forth in vast numbers to meet and welcome the Apostle. This sight, so common at that day in Ireland, affected the holy man even to tears, and extending his arms towards the fair city, he blessed it, and declared that it should one day be the first of Irish cities. It required no prophet to foretell this, for the town was so favorably situated for commerce that from the earliest known period of Irish history, this same place had been of great importance. It was said to have been founded by the fierce Northmen who at various times ravaged the British and Irish coasts.

The ruler of this city at the time of St. Patrick's visit was Alphin, son of Eochaid. This prince being as anxious as any of his subjects to do honor to the illustrious missionary, went out himself to meet him, and was one of the first to welcome him. The Saint blessed the good prince and asked him whether he knew aught of the religion of Christ.

"I know nothing of it," replied the prince, "but I am willing to learn. Teach me what thou wilt, most illustrious priest, and Alphin will do thy bidding. I believe that thy God is the greatest of all gods, yea greater even than Bel, light of the universe."

"That is good," said the Saint with his calm smile, "but it is only the beginning of knowledge. Are thy subjects equally desirous of instruction?"

The people answered for themselves with tumultuous eagerness, whereupon Patrick entered into an exposition of the principal truths of faith. His hearers with one accord accepted the new creed, and a bubbling fountain being near at hand, the prince and all who came forth with him from the city were baptized by the Saint and his companions who were chiefly priests. That fountain was ever after known by the name of St. Patrick's well, and was much frequented by the faithful for many ages. St. Patrick founded a Church on the spot, which, in process of time, became a Cathedral.

That city, so easily brought over to Christ, was the present city of Dublin, the metropolis of Ireland, and the cathedral founded there by St. Patrick still bears his name, although little or none of the original structure now remains.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF ST. PATRICK.

"Torches were blazing clear, hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a *saint* lay stately on his bier ——."
Mrs. Hemans.

The conversion of the Irish people being well nigh accomplished, and the national church completed in all its grades and departments, the good Master of the vineyard was pleased to reveal to St. Patrick the approach of that hour which was to put him in possession of the prize for which he had so long and so bravely contended. Truly might he say with the devout Simeon, "Now, O Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." He had lived to see almost the whole Irish nation gathered within the fold; Druidism had fallen to rise no more and Christianity shone resplendent all over the land in the full lustre of her primitive beauty. The island was covered with Christian fanes, occupying the places of the pagan temples, and the "clean oblation" everywhere suspended those "rites unholy" which had for countless ages polluted the land. Schools, and colleges, and monasteries abounded in every district; kings and princes cheerfully gave up portions of their territories to found religious houses, and there were few noble families that had not some of their sons or daughters consecrated to God. Ireland had even then attained a high reputation for sanctity and learning, the rapidity of its progress in Christian civilization being wholly unequalled in the history of the world.* Those were the days when in the elegant language of a poet of our own times,†

"That island green was as fair a scene as ever man's eye did see,
With its chieftains bold and its temples old, and its homes and its altars free.
* * * *
The light serene, o'er that island green, play'd with its waving beams,
And the fires of Baal wax'd dim and pale, like stars in the morning streams!
And 'twas joy to hear, in the bright air clear, from out each sunny glade,
The tinkling bell, from the quiet cell, and the cloister's tranquil shade!"

And as Patrick's prophetic eye looked down the long vista of after ages and marked the glory of the Church by him founded, her unspotted purity, her unwavering faith, her exceeding fruitfulness throughout all time, and her remarkable instrumentality in spreading the Gospel, he raised his aged hands to heaven and invoked a blessing on that beloved race, his own spiritual offspring, saying, as he thought of the future importance of the Church he had planted: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us: but unto Thy name give the glory."

"I will go," said the Saint, "to Ardmacha, there to finish my mortal pilgrimage." But such was not the will of God. While journeying on foot to Armagh, according to his custom, Patrick was again inwardly admonished to return to Sabhul near Downpatrick, which had been his favorite retreat ever since the conversion of Dicho, which took place there. Perfectly resigned to die wherever the Lord pleased, he sent for Tassach, bishop of Rathcolpa, near Down, and having received from his hands the holy viaticum, he calmly closed his eyes on this world.

No sooner had the news of St. Patrick's death spread abroad through the country, than the clergy of every grade repaired in great numbers to Sabhul where his body was solemnly exposed. Bishops, and mitred abbots, and holy priests were seen crowding around the beloved remains, and each one as he arrived, hastened to offer up the holy sacrifice in respectful commemoration of the dead. This was kept up day and night without intermission for several days, and all the while the smoke of incense dimmed the light of day and the glare of torches illumined the night. Ever and ever streamed in the saintly disciples of the great Apostle, gathering from the four provinces of Ireland to look upon him for the last time on earth, and to pay the final tribute of respect to his beatified memory. The Church was filled with the voice of prayer and the music of sweet psalmody,

"And light, as noon's broad light, was flung on the settled face of death.
On the settled face of death a strong and ruddy glare,
Tho' dimm'd, at times, by the censer's breath,
Yet it fell still brightest *there*."

And those who knelt around in silent meditation with their eyes fixed on that radiant countenance, might well imagine that the glory of heaven was in a measure revealed to them and that the body of the Saint was already shrouded in its robe of everlasting brightness.

Even when hidden from mortal view in "the house appointed for all living," that sanctified body continued to attract crowds of pious pilgrims from every part of the kingdom,* seeking at the sacred grave in Downpatrick those spiritual or temporal graces which God was often pleased to bestow through the intercession of his faithful servant.

* "The fervid eagerness and rapidity with which the new faith had been embraced were so much the appearance of that sort of enthusiasm which mere novelty often excites, that it would have seemed but in the natural course of affairs had there succeeded a lull to all this excitement, and had such a burst of religious zeal, throughout the great mass of the people,—deprived entirely, as it was, of the fuel which persecution always ministers,—subsided speedily into that state of languor, if not of dangerous indifference, in which the uncontested triumph of human desires almost invariably ends. But in this, as in all other respects, the course of the change now worked in the minds of the people of Ireland was peculiar and unprecedented: and, striking as was their zeal and promptitude in adopting the new faith, the steady fervor with which they now devoted themselves to its doctrines and discipline was even still more remarkable. From this period, indeed, the drama of Irish history begins to assume an entirely different character. Instead of the furious strife of kings and chieftains forming, as before, its main action and interest, this stormy spectacle gives way to the pure and peaceful triumphs of religion. Illustrious Saints, of both sexes, pass in review before our eyes;—the cowl and veil eclipse the glory even of the regal crown; and, instead of the grand and festive halls of Tara and Emania, the lonely cell of the fasting penitent becomes the scene of fame."

† D. F. McCarthy, Esq., Professor of Poetry in the Irish University.

* "This monument was constantly visited to the time of the Reformation, by pious Christians from different parts of Europe; and large presents were made, and new decorations constantly added to it. The fame of its riches inspired Lord Grey, Deputy of the English *Pale*, in the reign of Henry VIII. to make an incursion into this country, in which this noble remains of piety and antiquity was defaced and plundered of all its most valuable objects."—O'Halloran's *History of Ireland*, p. 160.

— In our next, DEFEAT AND SUBMISSION OF GUARE, KING OF CONNAUGHT, A.D. 546.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN AND SIR THOMAS REDINGTON.

Mr. O'Brien has addressed the following letter to his friend Martin O'Flaherty, of Galway, relative to the manner in which a portmanteau belonging to him was rifled in Dublin Castle, by the directions, and under the supervision of Detective Redington. His detectiveship has put in a rejoinder, in which he does not even attempt to deny the allegations contained in Mr. O'Brien's letter, but justifies his conduct on the ground of his being, at the time, a salaried menial in the service of the government. This conduct on the part of Redington becomes more reprehensible from the fact of his having usurped the functions of the Crown Solicitor, to whom the duty of rifling gentlemen's pockets and portmanteaus properly belongs.

CAHERMOYLE, NEW CASTLE WEST,
Tuesday, July 21.

MY DEAR O'FLAHERTY:—I have no hesitation in complying with your request that I should relate to you the history of my celebrated portmanteau, and you may make any use you think fit of my narrative at the approaching Galway election or elsewhere.

When I was captured at Thurles, in 1848, I was taken into a room in which were General M'Donald, Mr. Gore Jones, and some other persons. General M'Donald, who appeared to be nearly as much excited on the occasion as I was, though probably under very different influences, immediately proffered to me various civilities, which were tendered, I must admit, in a very incoherent manner. He offered me a bottle of champagne, and told me that he had been the guest of my father or brother at Dromoland, and that if there was anything that he could do for me that would contribute to my comfort he would be happy to comply with my wishes. I was completely thrown off my guard by this sort of address, and, believing that I was in the hands of a gentleman, I said to him that I declined his proffered hospitalities, but that as I had been for some days without a change of dress it would be a great comfort to me to obtain at once a portmanteau which I had left at the house of a friend in Cashel. He declared that I should have it, gave me no intimation that it would be searched, and Mr. Gore Jones, or one of the other officials, received a letter from me authorizing its delivery to the bearer of my note. It did not occur to me at the time that there was in the portmanteau any document that could compromise either myself or any one else; but I confess that, even if there had been in it such a paper, I could not believe it possible that a general officer obtaining possession of it, not by way of capture, but upon an honorable understanding, would have allowed it to be rifled by State detectives of any grade whatsoever. On the day after my arrival in Dublin the clothes which the portmanteau contained were delivered to me, and it is due to the officials of the Castle to say that the only articles of wearing apparel that appeared to have been abstracted were a set of studs, which I have never seen since my capture.

It will not be forgotten that in consequence of the discovery in my portmanteau of a letter written to me by Charles Gavan Duffy, the indictment against him was changed from a charge of "Treason Felony" to a charge of "High Treason." For several weeks I suffered much pain of mind, not only from indignation against those who had thus kidnapped my letters, but also from self-reproach for having, through my confiding inadvertence, compromised the safety of a friend. Lord Clarendon and his officials, however, met with the retribution which they deserved, for the change of indictment against Mr. Duffy led them into such a succession of blunders and acts of meanness that the public feeling at length revolted against this prosecution, and Mr. Duffy, who would probably have been transported on the original indictment with as much promptitude as had been shown in the case of Mr. Mitchell, completely baffled the law officers of the Crown in a succession of trials which, in point of duration, in point of vindictive persecution, in point of unworthy artifices used to procure conviction, were, I believe, unmatched in the annals of British judicature. Mr. Duffy enjoyed also the triumph of meeting at the hustings of New Ross and of putting to rout Sir Thomas Redington, who was the chief performer in the episode of the portmanteau.

I have been informed and believe that when my portmanteau arrived in Dublin it was carried to the Castle, that its contents were there examined most minutely by Sir Thomas Redington, and that all the letters which it contained, were read by Sir Thomas Redington in the presence of his private secretary. That there can be no doubt as to the minuteness of this examination is proved by the circumstance that every paper bears the initials of either Sir Thomas Redington or of his private secretary. The papers contained in the portmanteau were of a most miscellaneous kind. Letters from private friends, scraps of poetry, bills and receipts, political memoranda, visiting cards, registry certificates, medical prescriptions, legal papers, rentals, &c.; in short, they were a collection of papers which had accumulated during my stay in Dublin, and which I had taken with me to the country, with a view to transfer them to Cahermoyle.

To any candid and generous minds the contents of the portmanteau would have afforded sufficient evidences to produce a conviction that I could not have contemplated an immediate insurrection when I left Dublin, for in such a case it was utterly impossible that I should have taken papers of this description with me on my excursion to the county of Wexford. Yet, in spite of this presumption, the agents of "the Castle" made every possible effort on my trial to prove that I had gone down to Wexford and Tipperary with the intention of raising an immediate rebellion. The fact was, that I had long been fully convinced that resistance to the British Parliament was the duty of every Irishman, but I had been extremely anxious to avert, as long as possible, a collision on account of the terrible and uncertain hazards of such a strife, and it was not until the Irish nation had been deprived of the right of trial by jury, by the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* act, (of which proceeding I first became apprized when I was in the county of Wexford,) that I resolved finally to call upon the people to take up arms in open resistance to misgovernment.

During my imprisonment (I forget the exact date) a large proportion of the papers which my portmanteau had contained were restored to me, but under circumstances which left no doubt on my mind that they had undergone manipulation and close inspection by the subordinate officials of the Castle, as well as by Sir Thomas Redington; and some letters written to me by my wife have never yet been returned to me.

Now, I shall leave to others the task of determining how far the conduct of Sir Thomas Redington, on this occasion, was or was not consistent with the character of an Irish gentleman. As he had the advantage of being educated at an English University, it is to be presumed that he had learnt there the principles of honor which are in vogue among English statesmen. Had he been a wretched stipendiary of the British government, whose sole means of existence depended upon his official salary, I should have found some apology for his having undertaken to do the dirty work of England; but he is, I believe, possessed of an independent fortune, and was not compelled by any overruling exigency to act as a detective for England. Not being, I trust, very vindictive in my disposition, I would willingly have forgiven this transaction if my own private feelings alone were concerned, but I still continue to cherish some regard for our national pride, and for our national honor, though, alas! the confidence which I once placed in the noble sentiments of my fellow-countrymen is greatly impaired. It therefore seems to me that it would be an eternal disgrace to the Irish nation, if a single constituency could be found in this Island who would confer popular honors as a reward for such conduct, or select as its representative a man who has acted such a part towards one whose chief aim in life has been to vindicate the rights of his oppressed fellow-countrymen, and especially of those who belonged to the religious persuasion which is professed by Sir Thomas Redington.

If Sir Thomas deserves to be rewarded for his services, I venture to suggest that it is from the English people, not from Irishmen, still less Roman Catholics, that he ought to receive the meed of such deservings. It is possible that there are many constituencies in England to whom he could not recommend himself more effectually than by proclaiming that he had aided in rifling the portmanteau of an Irish rebel who was induced by the allurements of a British General to place it within his grasp.

I send you a few specimens of the sort of documents which the portmanteau contained; you will perceive that they are marked with the initials of Sir Thomas Redington, or his Private Secretary.

Such are the adventures, so far as I am acquainted with them, of my portmanteau. If from misconception or incorrect information I have misstated them in any respect, I shall be glad to be corrected by Sir Thomas Redington.

I remain, my dear O'Flaherty, with much esteem and regard for you, yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

Mr. Martin O'Flaherty.

"What family have you?" asked the judge of the county court at Stockton, the other day, of a debtor against whom he was about to pronounce judgment. "Myself, wife, *and a bull-pup*," was the reply.—*Durham Advertiser.*

The Emperor of the French has imported several cargoes of negroes into Cayenne.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

An old proverb still good.—Unpleasant news from India.—How the funds feel.—Delhi not taken.—Relative position of the Besiegers and the Besieged.—Spreading of the Insurrection.—Fears of the English in Calcutta.—The King of Oude arrested.—Theory of Mahometan Intrigue.—Your Correspondent's theory sustained.—Disraeli on the causes of the Insurrection.—The last but not least.—Dizzy's mode of mending matters.—Palmerston thinks it too late to enter into the question.—Catholic and Protestant petitions against the Divorce Bill.—The Mayo affair.—Lord Naas defeats Lord Palmerston.—Dedication of the Oblate Father's Church.—Death of the Very Rev. Laurence Renehan.

London, 31st July, 1857.

There is considerable truth in the old adage that "no news is good news," and the lately received intelligence from India is another proof of it. Delhi is untaken. The funds—England's political pulse—are depressed; a proof that, however newspapers may make light of the Sepoy insurrection, John Bull trembles for the duration of his dominions in the East. As I said before, Delhi is still an *urbs intacta*, defended by thirty thousand men, well disciplined, well supplied with cannon and amunition, and having in their storehouses provisions for twelve months to come. Outside the walls are a few thousand men waiting for artillery—and representing the sad remains of British Power in India. Meanwhile the spirit of insurrection is hourly spreading throughout the whole Bengal presidency and no one knows how soon slumbering Madras and Bombay will be waked up by the Genius of Revolt. In Calcutta, commerce was at a stand still, and English residents were banded together for mutual protection, waiting breathlessly to hear some pale son of Albion "whispering with white lips: The foe! They come! They come!"

The government has obtained proof—by some means or other—of the complicitity of the ex-King of Oude in the insurrection which is attributed by some to Mahometan intrigue, and the ex-Sovereign, with his Prime Minister, has been incarcerated. I have given in one of my former letters my opinion as to the cause of the insurrection, and I see as yet no reason to change it. On the contrary, circumstances seem more and more to give it the stamp of reality. The cause I assigned as having determined the rising has been cited in the Commons on Monday by Disraeli as one of the principal motives of the revolt. He assigned three causes for the general discontent in India: the forcible destruction of native authority in India by the British Government; the disturbance of the settlement of property; and last, though not least, the tampering with the peoples' religion. The honorable member advised as the best means to restore tranquillity and confidence in India to send out a royal commission to go through the comedy of inquiring into the grievances of the population—to issue a royal proclamation to the people of India declaring that the Queen of Englrnd is not a sovereign who will countenance the infraction of treaties, nor disturb the settlement of property, and who will respect their laws, their customs, their usages, and, *above all*, their religion. Mark the *above all*. It seems that *there* is really the rub. This plan is, no doubt, an admirable one, but with the experience that the natives of India have of British faith—to them, *Punica fides*—I scarcely think it calculated to "take." Mr. Disraeli concluded a speech which, whatever may its merits when coolly reviewed, produced a most profound impression, by moving for documents on the organization of the Bengal Army, drawn up severally by the late Generals Anson and C. Napier. Lord Palmerston expressed his regret that Mr. Disraeli selected a moment of great difficulty to announce his opinion, and was, for once at least, sincere in his expressions. He preferred not entering into the question at such a late hour. In fact early or late it is an unpleasant question for him, notwithstanding his well-known eel-like facility of wriggling through difficulties.

Mr. Bowyer presented petitions from the Catholics of sixty cities and towns against the Divorce Bill, and a great number were likewise presented by Protestant members. The "Declaration of the Clergy" against the odious measure has already received more than 7,000 signatures. Mr. Henley moved, on Friday, the postponement for a month of the order for the second reading, but his motion was negatived by 217 to 130, and on the motion of Lord Palmerston the second reading of the bill was fixed for Thursday. On that day the debate was, on the motion of Mr. Gladstone, adjourned by consent of the House.

On Tuesday, after a motion had been made by Col. French for the issuing of a new writ for the county of Mayo, Mr. Scholefield, the Chairman of the very impartial Committee, *ad hoc*, proposed as an amendment that the Attorney General for Ireland be directed to prosecute the Rev. Luke Ryan and the Rev. Peter Conway. The disgraceful conduct of the High Sheriff of Mayo, Capt. Higgins, the father of the candidate, was forcibly dwelt on by Mr. Maguire and, in answer to whether the Government intended instituting proceedings against the High Sheriff, whose gross favoritism and partizanship can easily be established, the Premier replied that he was not sufficiently aware of the High Sheriff's alleged misconduct to answer the question! The Premier is acquainted with one story of the case and thinks it sufficient. This is what may well be called one-handed justice. The English Government, no longer able to hunt the Irish priest like a beast of prey, is still determined to persecute him "as the law directs."

The Government was signally defeated on Lord Naas' Civil Service Superannuation Amendment Act; in spite of a most determined antagonism on its part, a majority of sixty decreed the second reading on Wednesday last.

It is not likely that the Session will be prorogued before the 20th. The Commons sit night and day, and it is to be hoped will not lose their time, though as to the amount of real good they do it would be wrong to be over sanguine.

The dedication of the Church of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, was celebrated on Wednesday at Leeds. The town bore throughout the day a festal appearance. Banners floated from the houses leading to the Church, and triumphal arches were erected in its neighborhood. High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Bishop of Marseilles, and the sermon was preached by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, who took for his text the 17th verse of the 89th Psalm: "Do Thou direct the works of our hands and let the beauty of the Lord our God shine upon us, and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands do Thou accomplish." After High Mass, a breakfast was served at the White Horse Hotel, at which at least two hundred and fifty persons assisted. Toasts were given by Cardinal Wiseman, the Bishop of Marseilles, and other respected dignitaries of the Church.

I have to close my letter by a melancholy announcement. The pious and learned President of the College of Saint Patrick, Maynooth, breathed his last on Monday in the College. His loss will be deplored by the numbers who have profited by the precepts and example of this venerated ecclesiastic and gifted scholar.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Mazzini Conspiracy.—History of its Discovery.—The Emperor at Plombieres.—Gift to the Cure of Plombieres.—Return to Paris, &c.—France will not send Troops to China.—Franc's Policy.—British Diplomatic Duplicity in the Danubian Principalities.—Position of affairs in Moldavia.—Illegal proceedings abetted by the English and Austrian Ministers and the Turkish Government.—The Elections.—Abstention of the Moldavian Clergy.—His Holiness the Pope.—Medal struck at Rome in honor of the Holy Father.—The Archbishop of Sienna.—Double Escape of Cardinal Mathieu.—Interesting publication by Beranger's friend, the Cure of St. Elizabeth.

Paris, 30th July, 1857.

The persons accused of a conspiracy against the Emperor's life have been sent by the Chamber of Accusation before the Committee of Assizes of the Seine. They are charged with having formed, by an understanding between them, a plot against the Emperor's life,—the plot having been followed by an act committed or commenced to prepare the execution of it. The three Italians who have been arrested will be tried in the beginning of August—probably about the 6th. As to the others, Mazzini, &c., who are out of the reach of the Government's arm, certain formalities are necessary, according to law, before proceeding against absent persons accused of crime. As far as I have been able to learn, the following is the history of the discovery of this plot: In the beginning of June, the Police were made aware of the presence in Paris of several Italians lately arrived from London where they were in relation with Mazzini and other members of the Democratic Committee. On the 10th, three letters from Genoa, written by Mazzini, were seized; one of them was addressed to Campanella, one of Mazzini's assistants in the editing of the *Italia del popolo;* the other to Massarenti. The third, which contains only a few lines, was directed to Tibaldi. In the letter to Campanella, Mazzini, after some instructions which seem to relate to the Italian outbreaks, says that above all the *Paris affair* must not be lost sight of; it was urgent and was the centre of all. He states that Massarenti had presented to him two men who were good and true, that they should be supplied with money to live a month in Paris, adds that there were two other men in Paris, but that each couple should act separately, and have no communication with each other, and concludes by recommending Tibaldi; the latter was subsequently arrested, and five poignards, with twenty loaded pistols were found at his domicile. The letter to Massarenti contained the same instructions as that to Campanella. As to the note for Tibaldi, it merely recommended the two men who were the bearers of it and said they could be confided in. These two men were Bartolotti and Grilli, recently arrived from London. The day on which Tibaldi was arrested, Bartolotti and Grilli went to his house where they were arrested by the agents. During the course of his examination Bartolotti confessed all he knew. He had had two interviews, in London, with Mazzini and a Frenchman, whom he states to be Ledru Rollin. Subsequently to these interviews he was sent to Paris with his countryman, Grilli. His mission was, not to assassinate the Emperor, but to be constantly on the watch about the Tuileries, to know when the Emperor went out. After strenuous denial at first, Grilli said that since Bartoletti had spoken it dispensed him from keeping his oath, and that he would tell all. He confessed the object of his coming to Paris, and said that his orders were to assassinate the Emperor. He indicated the place where he had hidden two poignards, that Tibaldi had given him for himself and Grilli, and on inspection the poignards were found at the spot he had pointed out. Tibaldi most absolutely denies all the charges brought against him. He is a machinist, and has been residing in Paris for some years past.

The Emperor laid the foundation stone of a Bath House at Plombieres during the past week. The Cure addressed the Emperor in a most eloquent discourse. His Majesty said a few words in reply and announced to the worthy Cure that he intended devoting 5,000 fr. a month during two years, to the completion of the Parish Church. The Emperor arrived here on Wednesday evening after having passed through Chalons sur Marne, where he visited the camp that is in course of organization. Napoleon III., with the Empress Eugenie, will leave Havre for Osborne on the 5th, and pass five or six days with the Queen of England.

The report that France had the intention of sending troops to China has been formally contradicted by the organ of the Imperial Government. Were it otherwise it would surprise me. France has no business to espouse an unjust quarrel for the purpose of being agreeable even to our allies at the other side of the Strait. It is evidently France's duty and policy to prevent the extension of English influence in China. Who would wish to see China what India has become under the paternal care of the British East India Company?

In the Danubian principalities also traditional British policy is showing the cloven foot. The old system of privately approving and publicly repudiating the acts of representives is employed. The question of the union of the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia was left by the Congress of Paris to be decided by the Moldo-Wallachian people themselves, and subsequently a commission was appointed by the European Powers to see the provisions of the treaty carried out. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who lords it in a wonderful way at Constantinople and is almost more a sultan than the Sultan himself, has opposed the Union since the commencement and has been seconded by the Austrian representative and the Turkish government, which Lord Redcliffe may be said to have "under his thumb." The Caimakan of Moldavia, no doubt under the pressure of those diplomats, has struck from the election roll all those who were known to have expressed an opinion in anywise favorable to the project of Union. The representatives of France, Russia, Prussia and Sardinia, in view of those excesses, demanded an adjournment of the election that the lists might be inspected. The Turkish government at first promised a delay of a week but subsequently countermanded the order and the elections were held on the 19th. The issue was, of course, that for which the lists had been prepared. Not one sixth of the entire population were registered in spite of their complaints, and the number of those abstaining is large. The Moldavian clergy, of whom not the twentieth part were on the lists, abstained almost altogether. An inquiry into these affairs will be a nice piece of work for an European Congress.

His Holiness the Pope was to have arrived at Ravenna on the 21st, whence he would return to Bologna to hold the Consistory of which I wrote to you some time since. His Holiness will visit the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Florence, towards the middle of next month.

A bronze medal was struck at Rome in commemoration of the *fete* of the Holy Father. On the face it bears a likeness of Pope Pius, with the inscription: *Pius IX. Pontifex Maximus an.* XII. On the reverse is a locomotive conducted by Industry: in the back ground is seen Saint Peter's. The following is the legend: *Providentia P.M. ferrea via Romam provinciis jungi curavit:* "The solicitude of the Sovereign Pontiff has taken care to bind Rome to the provinces by a railway."

Monsignor Ferdinand Baldanzi, Archbishop of Sienna, has donated to the Central Archives of the State some precious documents which had come into his possession, and which are of the highest importance for the history of the Florentine Republic and the government of the Medicis which succeeded it.

His eminence Cardinal Mathieu, the Archbishop of Besancon, was near being the victim of an accident some weeks since. His Eminence was administering the Sacrament of Confirmation at Petit Croisey, and was about to ascend the pulpit to deliver the usual exhortation to those who were about to receive the Sacrament. Scarcely had he set foot in the pulpit when it began to shake and separate itself from the wall. While the pulpit was falling forward the Vicar-General tendered him his hand, which he happily seized, and jumped upon the stairs, which shook with the weight but did not fall. The Cardinal and the Vicar both fell down the stairs but providentially escaped unhurt. Once on his feet the Cardinal's first thought was to run towards the children who were near the falling pulpit and who might have been crushed by its fall. One child only was hurt; his head was caught between the wall and the pulpit, but he merely suffered a slight contusion. The stairs by which Monsignor Mathieu saved himself only hung to the wall by a very slight brace, which was half pulled out of the wall, so that he had two miraculous escapes. His Eminence did not for an instant lose his presence of mind; after his escape he mounted a bench, addressed the congregation and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation.

The Cure of Saint Elizabeth, the friend of Beranger, who watched over him on his dying bed, intends publishing an account of the last moments of the poet. The book will be of the highest interest, and is looked for with impatience.

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Beware of Swindlers.—Persons from the country coming to this city cannot be too cautious as to the character of the parties with whom they come in contact. An industrious man from Elizabethtown, New Jersey, came to New York on Friday last with the intention of moving out West. Falling into the hands of a sharper he was conducted to a bogus ticket-office in Liberty street, kept by a person named Isaith Slover, lately arrived in this city after a five years' residence in the State's Prison. The countryman gave Slover, in mistake, a fifty dollar bill for five, and left the office. Shortly after discovering the blunder he had committed, the man hastened back and claimed his money. The bogus-ticket seller would not listen to him, but ordered him peremptorily to leave the office. The assistance of the police was next sought, who arrested the fellow and locked him up in the First Ward Station-house. On the following day (Saturday) he was brought before Justice Welsh. It is to be hoped that Slover will reap the benefit of his villainy by being remanded to his former residence at Sing Sing for a second term of five years. It is the only way of rewarding such benevolence.

Fatal Disaster.—We are this week called on to record a most melancholy disaster which occurred on Long Island Sound, on Saturday morning last, in consequence of the Fall River steamer Metropolis coming in collision with the propellor J. N. Harris. The result of this accident was, that fifteen human beings found a watery grave, and a cargo worth fifty-five thousand dollars was lost.

THE PASTOR AND CATHOLICS OF LASALLE, ILLINOIS.

LASALLE, ILLINOIS, August 12, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

DEAR SIR:—At a late meeting of the R. C. Congregation of St. Patrick's, Lasalle, convened to present an Address and Testimonial to their late Pastor, Rev. John O'Reilly, it was

Resolved—That the Address and Reply be published in the N. Y. TABLET, &c.

In accordance with the foregoing, I herewith enclose a copy of both for publication at your earliest convenience.

Respectfully, J. A. McEVOY, Sec.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

Of the Congregation of St. Patrick's, Lasalle, Ill., to their late Pastor, Rev. John O'Reilly, on his departure for St. Louis, to assume the pastoral charge of St. Vincent's Church in that city.

TO THE REV. JOHN O'REILLY:

REV. FATHER:—We, your spiritual children in Christ, the Congregation of St. Patrick's, take the earliest opportunity to lay before you this sincere expression of unfeigned sorrow which has filled our hearts since the sad announcement of your final departure from amongst us.

To say that the intelligence of your leaving was most unexpected and unlooked for, would but feebly express the feelings of consternation and disappointment that seized on all, when it became known as a certainty; for all felt assured that Lasalle would be your favored home for the remainder of your days, and we should continue to enjoy the happy privilege of your pastoral care, which, for nine years, was our boast and pride, and which raised the Church of Lasalle to its present exalted and prosperous condition.

That the emotions of grief which now pervade every member of the congregation are but just and natural, a mere glance at the position in which you found us on your first coming, compared with the prosperous circumstances in which you leave us, will amply testify.

You found us, on your arrival, with no fitter house for the exercise of our holy religion, or more becoming Temple of the Living God, than the contracted dimensions of a poor, unpretending Log Church, with a Log Cabin of still humbler pretensions for a pastoral residence, and everything around wearing the cheerless impression of a young and struggling church; a congregation comparatively few and scattered, whose worldly condition was fully in keeping with their spiritual wants. Compare those times with the present, how changed are we in all respects? How flourishing, how cheering, how glorious the church of Lasalle of the present day to that of the past? You have left us, Rev. Father, a Temple, worthy in every sense the dwelling of the Most High; the stateliest and most imposing structure of our rising city, proudly pointed at by our fellow-citizens of every denomination to the stranger as he passes by; possessing in its "St. Patrick's Hall" the most capacious of the city, the latest monument of your foresight and zeal.

In the permanent establishment of that institution beyond all price, the Academy of the Sisters of Charity, already so prosperous and overflowing with blessings on our children, you have left us a monument of your characteristic energy more enduring than brass, which not only claims our deepest gratitude, but justly entitles you to an abiding place in the grateful recollections of generations yet unborn.

In everything pertaining to our welfare, as Catholics, you have blessed and surrounded us with all things desirable; and, not the least among the achievements of your ministry, you have, by your fearless and eloquent defence of the doctrines and practices of our holy Church, won a reluctant respect from the most intolerant enemies of our race and our faith. And judging from such antecedents, the rich fruits of nine years' indefatigable labors, we were already calculating the spiritual treasures that future years had in store for us, were you spared to us, when the startling news of your intended departure put a sudden stop to all further hopes.

From this brief and imperfect glance it will be seen we have had ample cause for our present feelings, on parting with a pastor to whom we owe, under God, the blessings spiritual and temporal we now enjoy.

Nor can we refrain from bearing still further our humble and willing testimony to your spiritual ministrations as Pastor, though they were performed through higher and sublimer motives than a desire to win the poor reward of human praise.

Yet we, the recipients, should not therefore be the less grateful or the less ready to acknowledge them. In the undeviating regularity and fidelity with which you daily discharge your sacred functions, you have exhibited to us the brightest model of the truly Christian and faithful Pastor; thus leaving an inheritance, not the least prized by us, the rich legacy of your example, and the spotless character of a pastorship, which the breath of calumny never essayed to sully.

We are also most grateful witnesses to a fact so consoling to the Catholic heart, and for which we have not been sufficiently thankful, that from the commencement of your pastoral charge to the last day of your sojourn at St. Patrick's, never, except in case of sickness or absence, did you fail in the daily oblation of the Adorable Sacrifice in our behalf; and never was wanting the cheering sound of that faithful monitor, the morning bell, inviting us to a participation in the sacred mysteries. In the depths of the most inclement winter, as well as in the balmy air of the summer's morning, its familiar tones never failed its holy summons to the early Mass: and when the season became so intensely severe, that none had the courage to brave the biting morning's blast, still, alone, the faithful Pastor was there, and the holy sacrifice went on.

No Sunday, or festival throughout the year, was suffered to pass without the gospel being preached, and with such persuasive force that those who attended can never forget, and which stamped a distinguished character on the Sermons of St. Patrick's. In a word, we have enjoyed to an eminent degree all the blessings afforded by our holy religion during your administration, such as few congregations outside the large cities have the happiness of knowing. And if we do not exhibit in our lives fruits commensurate with such advantages, and fail, as we do, to reflect back the virtues of our Pastor, the fault most assuredly is our own not his.

In view then of these simple facts, and with hearts overflowing from such memories, is it to be wondered at, Rev. Father, that grief and consternation should seize on your people when about to lose you.

Still mindful of the teachings you so long inculcated, and the lessons of submission to the will of God, so forcibly and feelingly insisted on in your parting discourse; and when we see our venerable Pastor offer himself a willing holocaust in obedience to the will of his heavenly Father, manifested through that of his superiors, ready, at a moment's warning, as in the days of his fervent youth, to give up all things at the call of his Divine Master, abandoning the calm and honored retreat of his old age, which he adorned and beautified with the work of his own hands! with such teachings, and such an example before us, it would ill become us, his spiritual children, to refuse a like submission, or withhold our acquiescence in the appointments of Divine Providence who ordains all things for the best.

We are moreover consoled by the reflection that there has been left us, your faithful ally, and zealous co-laborer in all your noble deeds, our good and beloved Father Anthony, whose self-sacrificing character, and undying zeal have long since endeared him to the hearts of all; for this blessing we are thankful: nor are we strangers to the merits of Father Michael O'Rielly, who has already won the affectionate esteem of all. For such successors in the ministry, we have reason to be, and are, truly grateful.

In conclusion, Rev. Father, we beg to present you a purse containing a trifling token of our respect and gratitude, but totally inadequate to express our appreciation of your long services and eminent worth; and we fervently pray you may be long spared to reap rich harvests and abundant fruits, in the new and more distinguished scene of your future labors; and earnestly hope you will sometimes think of, in your offering to the throne of God, and visit, when opportunity presents,

Your ever grateful and obedient children in Christ, your devoted flock of Lasalle.

Signed by the Committee in behalf of the congregation,

Squire Duncan, Squire Cosgrove, Francis Harrison, John Higgins, John O'Halloran, John Malone, Dr. McEvoy.

RICHARD CODY, President.

JOSEPH A. MCEVOY, Secretary.

REPLY.

To Messrs. R. Cody, Squire Duncan, Squire Cosgrove, John O'Halloran, John Higgins, John Malone and Dr. McEvoy, Committee on the part of the Roman Catholic congregation of Lasalle, Illinois.

GENTLEMEN:—Your address and purse have been presented to me this morning by your worthy deputy, Dr. McEvoy, who not finding me in St. Louis, has pursued me all the way to St. Genevieve, on the banks of the lower Mississippi, to pour into my bosom the out-pourings of your warm hearts. This does not surprise me; although the old adage, "out of sight, out of mind" is not without much truth in its general application, there needed not this demonstration to prove that it did not hold in your regard.

In quitting the field of my labors at Lasalle, I wished to do so privately, or, as they say, to take "French leave," but it leaked out in spite of me, and I was obliged, against my will, to witness your painful emotions, and receive the repeated expression of your warmest attachment. For several days during which I had arrangements to make and many affairs to settle, I was actually obliged to lock the door of my apartments to escape the unceasing interruption of parting visits, and affectionate farewells and numberless tokens of unmistakeable friendship, that overwhelmed me. Well, all that, one might think, should be enough. But no, not for the pious Catholics of Lasalle. You still pursue me into another State, overcome with your liberality.

Well, my dear friends, this is too much. Your generous feelings magnify my poor little efforts among you, which, after all, were simply my duty, and, indeed, might be much greater and better in other hands, and even in my own, had I more of the true spirit of my vocation and of my holy patron, St. Vincent of Paul.

To say that I am grateful for your kindness and love, would be to too little, far less than my heart tells me I feel. Still, what can I do but thank you, and to assure you that I shall hold in grateful and pious recollection, as long as memory lasts, the goodness and gratitude of my old congregation of Lasalle, whose liberality for the works of charity and religion has often been my boast, and for whose spiritual and temporal welfare I shall not cease to pray as long as I live.

Thanking you, gentlemen, collectively and individually, for your great kindness, and through you the whole congregation you represent,

I remain your old affectionate friend in the hearts of Jesus and Mary,

J. O'REILLY, C.M.

St. Genevieve, August 6, 1857.

CITY NEWS.

"THE AMERICAN REGENERATORS."—A funny and exceedingly thin meeting of Know-Nothings was held at Onderdonk's Hall, 405 Grand street, on the evening of Tuesday, the 11th inst., with the details of which we will endeavor to acquaint the reader. In view of the recent irretrieveable defeat of that party in Missouri, Tennessee and other Southern and Southwestern States, and of its final destruction before long, we can afford to be agreeable, and regard with indifference and contempt movements which a few short years ago would have been deemed worthy of attention. At 8 o'clock, the hour appointed for the meeting, about thirty persons were assembled, who huddled themselves together in a corner of the room, and passed the time in conversing in low, inaudible whispers. Nearly an hour was suffered to elapse in this entertaining manner, and it becoming evident, even to the dull comprehension of Know-Nothings themselves, that no more persons were to arrive, a Mr. Andrew Lewis moved himself to the chair, after which he called on one Petty to discharge the honors of Secretary. It is not always that we find the occupation and name correspond so closely as in this latter instance. Reading the "Platform of Principles," as Mr. Petty pompously termed them, was next in order, and when this momentous proceeding was brought to a close, the chairman announced, that if any gentleman present wished to join the Association, now was the time. A countryman who had just dropped in, with true rustic simplicity, edged in a few remarks, saying he did not relish the proceedings, on the ground that a difference existed between the present and existing organizations. The Secretary endeavored to convince the rustic that the present organization was the real "simon pure," but he would not be convinced. A cross-fire was maintained for a considerable time on various matters, no two of the "thirty" agreeing on any point. At length as they become uproarious and evinced a disposition to resort to blows, the proprietor, or some sensible person about the place, put a termination to the proceedings by shutting off the gas-light, thereby compelling the "Regenerators" to vamose and arrange their differences outside doors. Those fellows stand sorely in need of "regeneration" we admit, but it is of such a nature as can best be produced by a copious application of soap and croton water.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM IN THE TOMBS.—This notable personage was conveyed to her old quarters in the Tombs, on Thursday week last. When the officers arrived at her residence they found her in bed, still intent on keeping up the delusion. Notifying her of their intention she requested permission to dress herself, when the officers immediately quitted the room, leaving her three daughters to assist her. When her toilette was completed, she refused to move a step, and had to be carried down stairs upon a mattress and placed in a carriage which was in waiting at the door. The crowd had scarcely time to assemble before the carriage was driven off, but they gave expression to several parting salutes, such as "There goes the woman that murdered Dr. Burdell." "Where is my darling baby?" On arriving at the Tombs an assembled throng saluted her in the same manner as the Bond street crowd. She was placed in the second corridor, in the same cell she previously occupied. Her daughter Helen accompanied her throughout and spent the afternoon with her, but was not suffered to remain over night. We find it stated that this unfortunate woman will not be allowed half the number of indulgences accorded her during her first imprisonment, neither is it at all likely she will ever be permitted to enter the house 31 Bond street again.

Mrs. Cunningham's "fictitious baby," together with the real mother, are both on exhibition at Barnum's Museum. The speculation is reported not to pay as well as its projectors anticipated. Several ladies, young and old, have visited the Museum for the purpose of getting a glimpse of the little stranger.

HEAVY EMBEZZLEMENT.—A case of embezzlement, on rather an extentive scale, came to light in this city within the past week. The culprit is a young man named Adams, 23 years of age, employed in the capacity of bar-tender at the Howard Hotel, corner of Maiden Lane and Broadway. For a number of years Adams has been retained in the above capacity, and during that time is reported to have defrauded his employer, Mr. Lamb, of the large amount of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. On the slender salary of twenty-five dollars per month he has contrived to procure an extensive and costly wardrobe, sport an elegant gold watch, and abundance of jeweiry; drive the fastest horse on livery, purchase a house, and maintain a mistress. Some time since he sought and obtained permission of his employer to go to the country for a few weeks, deputing a young man of his acquaintance to attend to his business in his absence. Before going, however, he instructed this person to appropriate to his own use all over a certain sum out of the daily receipts. This deputy of his was not so close-mouthed as he imagined, for he disclosed the entire transaction to Mr. Lamb, which disclosure was further strengthened by the testimony of a man named Schiller, who was in the habit of lounging about the store, and was in the confidence of Adams. It is, however, probable that this "fast young man" will escape the punishment due to his crime, as the principal witness against him has absconded.

MASS MEETING IN TOMPKIN'S SQUARE.—A mass meeting of the inhabitants of the Seventeenth Ward was held in Tompkin's Square on the evening of Wednesday, the 12th inst., for the purpose of expressing their condemnation of certain enactments passed by the late Legislature, as well as of procuring their repeal. Two stands were erected; one for the Germans and the other for the English speaking portion of the meeting. Letters of approval were read from His Honor the Mayor, Hon. John Kelly, Hon. John Wheeler, Gideon J. Tucker and others. Several well known speakers were present and addressed the meeting. A second, and still more numerously attended meeting, was held for the same object in Tammany Hall on the following Thursday evening.

The members of the Board of Councilmen are a most affectionate body. At the conclusion of the session on Wednesday, the 12th inst., Councilman Ottarson intimated to Mr. Lowber that he was engaged in a "Swindle." Lowber retorted by calling him a "Liar." The parties grasped each other by the throat, and a regular "milling match" would be the result, had not other members of the Board interfered.

The Sixth Annual Excursion of the Protestant Association took place last week; the members evinced their pious intentions by belaboring each other with sticks and stones. A number of "knock-downs" and "bloody heads" was the result of the days amusement.

We are glad to be enabled to state that the Catholic Library Association is in a fair way of progressing. At the monthly meeting of this body, on the 5th inst., an appropriation of $500 was made for the purchase of books. The library already numbers one thousand volumes.

Our cotemporary, the N. Y. *Leader*, has encountered a libel suit. The plaintiff, Walter Williams, an ex-Policeman of the 2d Ward, has laid his damages at ten thousand dollars. The proprietors of the *Leader* are Judge Welsh, Alderman Clancy, and Henry Morford.

The oil painting of "Old Hays," the celebrated thief-catcher, seized to satisfy a judgment against the city, was sold by public auction, and knocked down to Alderman Blunt for $250. The Alderman was the only bidder.

A mad dog made his appearance among the Bulls and Bears of Wall street one day last week. Neither of these quadrupeds suffered by the visit, but a woman on the sidewalk narrowly escaped been bitten.

The extreme heat of Thursday and Friday last told fearfully among the laboring classes in this city, as well as others engaged in out-door occupations. A great many persons were stricken down.

Delaware peaches have made their appearance. They are small in size, while their venders require eighteen pence a dozen for them. A week or ten days will, however, bring us a supply.

The body of a missing policeman belonging to the 7th Ward was washed ashore at Fort Hamilton lately.

There were 636 deaths in the city last week, a large increase over that of the previous one.

EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

PROSPECTUS.

SITUATED 8 miles distant from the City of New York, in an elevated position on the east bank of the Hudson River, the Academy commands a most delightful view of the magnificent scenery for which that noble stream is so justly celebrated; whilst, at the same time, the location is one of the most healthy in the Union. The large and commodious edifice occupied by the Institution, having lately undergone some important improvements and additions to the original structure, cannot fail to ensure the comfort and convenience of the Pupils.

The age for admission into this Institution is from 6 to 12 years. Children under 6, or over 12, are not admitted.

Terms:

Entrance Fee.....$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum..180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents.
Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

The following are extra, viz.: Instrumental Music $60 per annum. Spanish and German Languages, each $24.

Observations.

The Scholastic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September, and terminating on the 1st of August. No Pupils kept in the Institution during the annual vacation, which is from the end of July till the 1st of September.

The Pupils will have holidays to go and visit their parents and guardians, at the following times: Christmas, Easter and the 4th of July, 4 days each.

Parents can visit their children on Thursdays, from 10 to 12 o'clock, A.M., and on Sundays, between the High Mass and Vespers.

In case of serious sickness, Pupils will be confided to the care of their parents or guardians.

Outfit.

Each Pupil is required to have the following articles, viz.: 1 suit of Uniform, which is a Blue Cloth Jacket, with bright buttons, black pants and blue cap; 2 suits of Clothes for every day wear; 3 Surtouts of light stuff as linen or muslin; 8 Shirts, 8 pairs of Socks or Stockings, 3 pairs of Drawers, 3 Night Shirts, 6 Napkins of large size, 8 Towels, 8 Handkerchiefs, 3 Cravats, 2 Caps, 3 pairs of Sheets, 2 Blankets, 1 Quilt, 2 white Coverlits and 2 pairs of Boots and Shoes. A Knife, Fork, Spoon, and Goblet of silver or composition; 2 Combs, coarse and fine, a Comb-rack, Hair Brush, Tooth Brush, Clothes Brush and Shoe Brush; a small Tin box for the Toilet articles.

Communications by Letter to be made to the Brother Superior.
ag8 1y

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance.....$100 00
Washing..... 12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above..... 50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter..... 12 00
Guitar " 12 00
Painting and Drawing..... 6 00
No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes.
ag8 3m

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance*.

Classical Course per session of ten months.....$1 75
Commercial " " " " 1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
President.
jn6 3m

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, $160.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges.
ag15 2m

SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE,

FORDHAM, WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y.

Studies will be resumed in this Institution on the 2d of September.
ag15 6t
R. J. TELLIER, S.J., President.

EDUCATION.

CONVENT

OF THE

SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE-DAME,

Established at Montreal,

FOR FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE course of Instruction embraces the French and English languages, Writing, Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Geography, and the use of the Globes; Ancient and Modern History, Rhetoric, an Insight of Chemistry and Philosophy, Botany, Geology, Cosmology, Music, Vocal and Instrumental; Drawing, Painting; every kind of useful and ornamental Needle-Work.

Pupils cannot be admitted without a recommendation. Parents residing at a distance, should appoint some individual in the city, who will be charged to liquidate the amount of the bills, when due, and receive the young ladies should circumstances render their removal from the institution necessary.

The Pupils have access to the garden adjoining the establishment, and are allowed on days of recreation to extend their walk to *Villa-Maria*, a country seat, most pleasantly located, on the bank of the St. Lawrence, and, occasionally to the *Nun's Island*, always attended by several of *the Sisters*.

A vacation of about six weeks is annually given, commencing on *the Thursday* of the *third week of July*, and terminating the *first Thursday of September*.

Each pupil must be furnished on her entrance with:

For Summer Costume.—Two Light Blue Dresses, one White Dress. Three Black Aprons, Six Collars. A Straw Bonnet, trimmed with light blue riband. Two pairs of Gloves, one white, the other colored; a Communion Veil.

Winter Costume.—Two Dark Blue Dresses. A Dark Blue Cloak, a Bonnet, trimmed with black. Two Black Veils.

Every pupil must be furnished, at least, with six changes of Linen, Stockings, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Towels, Night Gowns, one or two Colored Dresses. A Sun Bonnet, Parasol, India Rubbers, three pairs Shoes, Books, (and if to learn Drawing,) Paper and Drawing Materials.

Parents wishing their children to be furnished with clothes, or articles requisite for Drawing or Fancy Work, may deposit funds for the purpose in the hands of the Directress, who will supply them in accordance with the wishes expressed.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum, (payable quarterly in advance).....£18 10 0—$74 00
Entrance, Pen and Ink..... 0 12 6— 2 50
Music, Piano..... 3 10 0— 14 00
" Guitar..... 5 5 6— 21 00
" Harp..... 9 12 6— 38 50
Drawing..... 2 15 6— 11 00
Painting in Water Colors, and on Velvet..... 3 0 0— 12 00
Foreign Languages—Charge of the Teachers.
Washing..... 3 10 0— 14 06
Bed and Bedding..... 3 15 0— 15 00
Music Lessons from Professor..... 10 10 0— 42 00

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, MARIA-VILLA, FORMERLY MONKLANDS.

This is a branch of the House in the city; it is pleasantly situated, about two miles from town, on the side of the mountain, commanding a fine view of the St. Lawrence. It has a park and grounds of 200 acres. It was formerly the residence of the Governors-General of Canada, and is generally admitted to be one of the most beautiful situations in America.

Terms:

The charges in the Institution are from $30 to $40 more than in the House in town.

Persons desirous of placing pupils in either of these Institutions can address the Superior of the Congregation of Our Lady, Montreal.
aug1 6t

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is.....$150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin..... 135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra..... 15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum..... 20
Music, per annum..... 40
Use of Piano, per annum..... 8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.
nov17
REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Under the Direction of the Sisters of Charity.

THIS INSTITUTION, the object of which is to give young girls of the middle and poorer classes an opportunity of receiving an education to fit them thoroughly to fulfil the duties of the station in which Divine Providence has placed them, opened on the 24th of November, 1856, under the special protection of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

In order to give the Pupils under their charge the full advantage of an English education, to instruct them in the duties of their Holy Faith, and, above all, to guard them under the eye of religion during the most critical period of life—from twelve to eighteen—as well as to teach them the different female trades, such as Mantuamaking, Plain Sewing, Tailoring, Making Flowers, Vestments for the Church, Embroidering, the Use of the Sewing Machine, &c., the Sisters propose generally to keep them under instruction for three years, with an entrance fee of fifty dollars.

No charge will be made to Day Scholars if they attend three years. But three dollars a quarter will be charged to those who enter the School for a shorter time.

Boarders wishing to remain in the Establishment only one year will pay fifty dollars.

For particulars apply at the Institution, No. 75 East Seventh street.
mar21 tf

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,

No. 229 EAST BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY.

Studies will be resumed on Tuesday, 1st September.
ag15 6t

EDUCATION.

A. M. D. G.

COLLEGE OF HOLY CROSS,

WORCESTER, MASS.

THIS College, founded and placed by the Right Reverend BENEDICT JOSEPH FENWICK, Bishop of Boston, under the care of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, beautifully situated on the heights of Worcester, commands a full view of the city and surrounding country, and is distinguished for its remarkably healthy air, and abundant supply of good water. A farm of ninety-six acres is attached to the College.

The plan of education is desired to prepare young men for an ecclesiastical, professional, or commercial state of life.

Age of admission, from nine to fifteen years. No student admitted for a less term than six months, and no deduction made, if removed before the term expires.

Terms:

The pension for the scholastic year, for Tuition, Board, and Lodging, Washing and Mending, Linen and Stockings, is.....$150 00
For Half-Boarders,..... 100 00
For Day-Boarders,..... 50 00
Use of Philosophical Instruments,..... 10 00
Graduation Fees,..... 10 00
For such Students as may spend their vacations at the College, an extra charge will be made, of.....20 00

The following items are extra charges: the German, Spanish, and Italian languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, Dancing, Fencing, and Medical attendance.

All charges must be paid half yearly in *advance*. Should any defer for the space of *one month* to pay in advance, the President of the College is directed to remove their sons or wards from the Institution.

No advance for clothing or other expenses will be made by the College, unless a deposit be left with the Treasurer for the purpose.

Every student must be provided with the uniform, namely: black frock coat or jacket, white pantaloons and vest in Summer, blue pantaloons and dark vest in Winter. No student is to visit out of the College without his uniform. All must be provided with two suits for daily wear, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, six handkerchiefs, three pairs of shoes or boots, great coat or cloak. Each student must also be provided with a silver spoon.

Regular accounts of board, tuition, will be sent every six months in advance. It is earnestly requested that immediate remittances be made to the full amount.

PETER J. BLENKINSOP, S.J.,
President.

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is destined to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

MICHAEL DRISCOL, S. J.,
President.

SHIPPING.

OLD BLACK BALL LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

ROCHE, BROTHERS & COFFEY,

AGENTS.

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Arrangements for 1857.

PERSONS desirous of sending for their friends now residing in the Old Country, can make the necessary arrangements with the Subscribers, and have them brought out by the

BLACK BALL OR OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

Sailing from Liverpool punctually on the 1st and 16th of each month, or by first class American Ships weekly.

Should those sent for decline coming out, the money will be returned to the parties here, on producing the Passage Certificate and Receipt.

The "Black Ball or Old Line of Liverpool Packets" comprise the following magnificent and fast-sailing ships:

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ISAAC WEBB (new), FIDELIA,
GREAT WESTERN, MANHATTAN,
ISAAC WRIGHT, YORKSHIRE,
NEPTUNE (new), JAMES FOSTER (new).

Provisions of the best quality are provided for Passengers, and served out, at the rate *per week* of 2¼ lbs. of Bread or Biscuit, 1 lb. Flour, 5 lbs. Oatmeal, 2 lbs. Rice, ½ lb. Sugar, ½ lb. Molasses, and 2 oz. Tea, to each Adult Passenger.

We Issue Drafts at Sight for any amount on the *ROYAL BANK OF IRELAND AND DUBLIN* And on

MESSRS. ROCHE, BROTHERS, Dublin;
MESSRS. PRESCOTT, GROTE & CO., Bankers, London.

Which are paid in all the towns and cities in Great Britain and Ireland, free of discount.

Apply or address, if by letter (postpaid), to

ROCHE, BROTHERS & COFFEY,
69 South street, corner of Pine, New York

Please recollect the name and address, ROCHE, BROTHERS & COFFEY, 69 South street, near the Wall street Ferry.

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" Kellogg, Fitzgerald & Co., Oshkosh, Wis.
" Barry & Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.
" Bryan, Gardner & Co., Hollidaysburg, Pa.
" Darling & Co., Bankers, Green Bay, Wis.
" Darling, Wright & Co., do. Fond-du-Lac, Wis.
" Darling, Wright & Co., do. Menasha, Wis.
" A. & D. O'Brien, St. Louis, Mo.
" G. C. Whitney & Son, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. S. D. Hungerford, Banker, Adams, N. Y.
" E. B. Newkirk, Bank of Rondout, Rondout, N. Y.
" M. O'Grady, Canandaigua, N. Y.
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